A CONTINUATION of the SVBIECT of LUCANS Historicall Poem, till the death of Iulius Cæsar.

London, Printed for *William Shears*, at the signe of the blew Bible, in Coven-garden, 1657.

116;02

TO THE

Moſt High and Mighty

MONARCH,

CHARLES By the Grace of God, KING of Great *Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, &c.

SIR,

I Should have taught my humble labours a lower preſumption than to have appoached your ſacred hand, if I had onely weighed mine own weakneſſe and diſability; but the dignity of this ſubject, did ſomewhat encourage me, being a remainder of that

great Historie, whose former part was so richlie dressed in the happy conceits, and high raptures of that Noble LUCAN: of whose ability in writing I was not so ambitious in emulation, as officious in desire, to continue so stately an argument for your Princelie eare: with what successe I have performed it, your MAIESTIES acceptation onely can determine; to whom if it present but the least delight, my end is accomplished for which I have run so great hazard, as (perchance) to be censured a foile onely to LUCAN'S lustre; and chose rather to fall under the weight of a great argument, than to present a mean

one to so high a hand: your MAIESTIES renowned worth, and Heroical virtues (the perfection of mind meeting in you with the height of Fortune) may make you securely delighted in the reading of great actions; to whom I humbly present this weak work, beseeching Almighty God long to establish your Majesties Throne upon earth, enriching it with blessings of the right hand and the left; and after to crown you with incorruptible Glory: So prayeth

Your MAIESTIES

most humble subject

THO. MAY.

The mind of the Picture, o
Frontiſpiece.

For noble Lucan *ſo untimely ſlain,*
Thus did faire-hair'd Calliope *compla*
(whileſt teares apace ſlow'd from h
Chriſtall eies)
Againſt the too too haſty deſtinies;
Too cruell ſiſters, why again am I
Enforc'd to weep, and tax your tyranny?
Was not my Orpheus *death (though along ago)*
Enough for me to bear, for you to do?
Orpheus *ſo much by all the graces lov'd,*
Whoſe charming skill, and matchleſſe muſick mov'd
The ſavage beaſts, the ſtones and ſenſeleſſe trees,
Yet could not move the harder Deſtinies.
I ſaw his limbs alas ſcattered abroad
On Hebrus banks, while down the ſilver flood
His learned head was vowl'd, and all along
Heard the ſad murmures of his dying tongue.
No other Tragedy but Lucan *ſlain*
By your untimely ſtroke, could thus again
Revive my griefe: Oh could you not prolong
That thread a while, untill the ſtately ſong

Of his Pharſalia had been finiſh'd quite?
What ſavage bird of prey, what murdring Kite
Could in the mid'ſt of that melodious lay,
Reviſh the charming Nightingal away?
Thou ſung'ſt no luſts, no riots, nor mad'ſt known
(Corrupting other manners with thine own)
New crimes, nor with laſcivious wantoning
Did'ſt thou defile the ſacred Theſpian ſpring.
Thy verſes teach no foul adulteries,
Nor rapes committed by the Deities,
Which may from guilt abſolve the worſt of men;
But actions great and true: thy happie pen
Adorning Hiſtorie with raptures high,
With quick conceits and ſound moralitie
Indemn'd the ſtrong injuſtice of that age,
And reins too much let looſe to civil rage,
When Rome the ſtrength, which ſhe had made, did fear,
No longer able her own weight to bear,
Taxing bad greatneſs, and in deathleſs verſe
Shewing ſams of noble Sepulchers,
And had'ſt enobled moe; but woe is me,
For untimely ſtroke of death did ſilence thee.
Of which the grief not onely us invades,
But divet into the bleſt Elyſian ſhades,
Adding the worthies there that ſo did long
To fill a room in thine eternall ſong.
There Cato thinks (and grieves it was deny'd)
If thou had'ſt liv'd, how great he ſhould have dy'd:
The Roman Scipio did diſdain a Tomb
In Libya's ſhore, in hope to find a room
Within thy ſtately Poëm, well content
Have there, to have no other Monument,
While ſtately Temples, where great Cæſar's name
Shall be by Rome ador'd, wanting the ſame
Such thy high lines might give, in time to come
Shall envie Pompey's ſmall Ægyptian Tomb.

Had Juba's *Tragick fall been sung by thee*
I had eas'd the loss of his great Monarchie:
But that to them and us did Fate denie
That we the more might wail thy Tragedie.
But bootlesly thus to complain (quoth she)
Is weake, to act is more befitting me.
Down to the shades infernal will I go,
And trie what Magicks powerful Charms can do.
A spatious Cave there was(not oft before
Descry'd by mortal eye)within that shore
Which wealthy France doth to the North display,
And Brittain's Ocean *bounds. Thither, they say,*
The wise Dulychian Heroe, *by advice*
Of beauteous Circe, *came to sacrifice,*
And there restor'd, by bloud of Bullocks slain,
To silent Ghost the use of speech again.
Through that dark vault did Phœbus *nere shoot ray,*
Nor ever glided beam of cheerful day.
The grove of Proserpine *ore shadow'd quite*
That dismal shore, and damps of drery night
Condens'd the Air; no birds those boughs did grace
Nor with sweet musick cheer'd the baleful place.
To this dark thicket did the Muse descend
To raise her Poet's Ghost; and to that end
Prepar'd the sacrifices. Pluto, *to thee*
A Bull was kill'd, to thy Persephone
A Virgin Heifer; to the Eumenides
A two-years sheep. Then with the bloud of these
She fill'd a cup, and gave it to your hand
Of her dear Poets Ghost, and with this command;
Thou, once the glorie of the Aonian wood,
But now their sorrow, Lucan, *drink this bloud.*
No other Nectar Phœbus *gives thee now;*
Nor can the Fates a second life bestow;
A second Voice by this charm'd cup they may,
To give some progress to that stately Lay

Thou left'ſt unfiniſh'd. And it not untill
The Senates ſwords the liſe of Cæſar ſpill;
That he, whoſe conqueſts gave dire Nero *Reign,*
May as a ſacrifice to thee be ſlain.
The Ghoſt receiv'd the cup in his pale hand,
Drunk and fulfill'd Calliopes *command.*

AUTHOR

Author Lectori

Non hæc marmoreis cecinit Lucanus *in Hortis;*
Nec vivum hìc tanti Vatis acumen habes.
Desine mirari, Lector, si carmina forsan
Ista videbuntur frigidiora tibi.
Impetus Ingenii felix, ardensque receßit.
Hoc tibi defuncti debilis Umbra canit.

A CONTINVATION of the Subject of LUCAN's Historical Poem, till the death of *Julius Cæsar.*

The first Book.

The Argument of the first Book.

Th' Ægyptians sue to Cæsar *for a peace,*
Excuse their crime, and crave their Kings release:
The King restor'd by Cæsar *to his state,*
Revolts again: Euphranor's *noble fate.*
Ptolomey's *vision from Serapis sent*
Foreshews the change of Ægypts government.
The war in Delta; Cæsars *victory.*
The overthrow and death of Ptolomy.

THE threatning Ocean now had spent in vain
His swelling spite, and from the watery main,

From Ægypts feeble Treason, and the band
Of Pharian slaves is *Cæsar* safe at land;
Fill'd with revenge and scorn, arm'd with a rage
Greater then Ægypts ruin can asswage.
His war is now made just; but that great mind
Too much disdains so just a cause to find
From such a State, griev'd that they durst afford
Wrongs proud enough to call on *Cæsar's* sword,
Or provocation to his furie lend,
Whom Rome it selfe had trembled to offend,
And rul'd his anger at no cheaper rate
Then *Pompye's* fall and ruin of the State.
How well could Rome excuse the gods above
For *Cæsar's* late-wrought facte, and approve
Their favour in it, if no other State
Had felt the force of his revived fate
But Ægypts guiltie land; in that war nought
But just revenge for *Pompey* had been wrought.
The willing Senate had with joy decreed
Honours for such a conquest; for that deed
From every Town th' Italian youth in throngs
Had met his Chariot with triumphal songs,
Nor had yet *Pompey's* spirit from the skie
Repin'd at sight of that solemnitie.
That act had reconcil'd the Conquerer
To Rome again, had not the fatal war,
What straight in Affrick, and in Spain ensu'd,
His conquering armie with fresh guilt embrew'd.
The treacherous band of Ægpyts Souldiers now
That chose *Arsinoë*, Queen, gan disallow
The pride of *Ganymedes*, and disdain
A feeble woman, and base Eunuchs reign.
All murder, all to mutenie inclin'd
Yet each afraid to sound each others minde:
Till one at last more venturous then the rest
Thus with his own the thoughts of all expresst.

Wh

What end have these our armes? why do we make
Tumults in stead of wars? If arms we take
To free Niles fruitful regions from the yoke
Of Romes ambition, why we do provoke
The strength of *Cæsar* at a time when he
Detains our King within his custodie?
The King as hostage for our truth doth lie,
We hazard not the war but *Ptolomey*.
Though our attempt against *Cæsar* should succeed
We stain the honour of so great a deed
Wanting a lawful chiefe; and 't will be thought
Rebellious tumults not just wars have wrought
Rich Ægypts freedom. More may be obtain'd
By peace, then can be by such hazards gain'd,
Then let us sue for *Ptolomey's* release:
Cæsar (though now incenst) will grant us peace
On easie terms; and think it better far
Then to be here entangled in a war,
Whilest yet Pharsalia's reliques do remain
To joyn their strength, and trie their fate again:
Whil'st the disperst'd not conquer'd powers of Rome
Are gathering head, and furious nations come
From *Juba's* Kingdome, Ammons farthest sands,
And where Spains Calpe bounds the western lands,
To crosse his growing fortunes: But if we
Tender the state of young *Arsinoë*,
(Because descended from great *Lagus* race,)
Why do we wrong her brother, and misplace
Our dutie so? preposterous loyaltie
It is, to honor *Lagus* familie,
And therefore *Lagus* lawfull heir depose,
A general shout, which through the Camp arose,
Shews their agreement too too great to be
Surppressed now, or term'd a mutenie.
That even *Arsinoë* seeing this consent
Is forc'd to be, or seem (at least) content.

Embassadours to *Cæsar* they addresse
To beg the King's inlargement, sue for peace,
And pardon for their treacherie to him:
Which they excus'd at large, and all the crime
Upon *Photinus* and *Achillas* laid:
Whose lives (say they) have for their treasons paid.
Cæsar though once enrag'd, admits their low
Submissive prayers, and smooths his angrie brow,
Scorning to lose so proud a wrath upon
Such worthless objects; or intent alone,
On civil wars, reserves his furie all.
To wreak in nothing but his countreys fall,
Nought but so hard and so abhorr'd a crime
Had guilt and danger great enough for him.
He briefly grants them their desired ends,
And *Ptolomey* back to his Kingdome sends.
Poor boy, what fatal freedome hast thou gain'd?
Thou to thy ruin hast thy wish obtain'd,
'Tis *Cæsars* crueltie that sets thee free,
To make thee guiltie and then punish thee.
Thine innocence did guard thee, whil'st by him
Thou wert confin'd, and could'st not act a crime
That might deserve thy death; but well knew he
Thy ages weakness, and the treacherie
Of thy perfidious and unconstant men
Would draw thee to offences, and thou then
By fair pretence of justice might'st be slain
A sacrifice to *Cleopatra's* (*a*)reign.
And his desires, we meanes thy crown shall buy.
Or pay the hire of his adulterie.
Cæsar's surmises find a true event;
For *Ptolomey* back to his people sent
(Whether that falshood were the nations vice,
Or else by nature or bad nurture (*b*)his,
Or he by others easie to be sway'd)
Forgets the oath that he to *Cæsar* made.

And fill'd with vain and flattering hopes, cals on
The forward fates t' his own destruction
A well rigg'd fleet of Ships he forth doth send
In ambush near Canopus to attend
(An Ile that East from Alexandria lies)
To cut off all provision and supplies,
That might by Sea to *Cæsars* camp arrive.
To this his first attempt doth fortune give
Some seeming favour; for while there they lie,
(a) *Euphranor's* Ship, sever'd unhappily
Alone from all the rest of *Cæsar's* fleet
By this Ægyptian Navy is beset.
(b) *Euphranor's* valour, that had never found
The faces but friendly, and so oft renown'd
With *Cæsar's* fortune had for *Cæsar* fought,
This change affrights not; his undaunted thought
Not feare but rage possesses; and though there
Be fewer, he plaies th' assailant every where.
They feare to join with him, and evermore
Flie from his grapple; as a chafed Bore
The following hounds avoid; so Ægypts fleet
Surprizes danger which it dares not meet.
But being so many Ships they cannot all
Escape from; some, though unwilling, fall
Upon *Euphranor*, and are forc'd to buy
With their own losse their fellowes victory.
Some vessels bor'd 'twixt wind and water sunk,
And drinking waves, into the waves were drunk,
Gainst others from the Roman vessell fire,
Wrapt up in balls was thrown; whose active ire
The Ocean could not quench untill too late,
And did not succour then, but changer he fate.
Some dead, some living float in *Neptune's* flood,
The Sea discolour'd with the victours blood.
Had but one more of *Cæsars* Ships been caught,
Th' Ægyptian fleet a fatall prey had sought,

And learned then how they deceived took,
But Fortunes bait which hid a mortall hook,
But when at last those few Cæsarians
Were spent with wounds and toil, and that their hands
Could for that endlesse taske no more suffice
Euphranor weary with subduing dies,
Leaving the rest of those Ægyptian powers
Survivours rather then true Conquerours.

Now *Ptolimey* was levying strength by land,
When *Mithridates* with a warlike band
Of men, from Syria, and Cilicia came
Raised from thence by him in *Cæsar's* name.
And marching swiftly o'r the land, at last
Arriv'd where strong Pelusium's sitly plac'd
Upon the continent, and on that side
Th' Ægyptian bounds from Syria doth divide:
Pelusium's strength is thought by land to be
Ægypts defence as *Pharos* is by sea.
But now (*Ptol.*) too weak it proves to stay
Fierce *Mithridates* course, who in one day
(Though there *Achillas* left a Garrison)
Summons, assaults, and wins by force, the Tow'r,
Nor staies he there, but marches speedily
To join his strength with *Cæsar's* power, whom
Of this exploit before had certifi'd.

This *Mithridates*, who on *Cæsar's* side
So well had serv'd, as to deserve from him
After this war, the Thracian Diadem,
Of great and roiall parentage was sprung,
And trained up in Princely arts, when young,
By that great King, that Asian Conquerour,
Who forty yeares withstood the Roman power,
And in so many honour'd fields did tame
Lucullus, *Sylla*, and great *Pompey's* name.
The King, that now besides Canobus lay,
With all his power, intends to march away

With ſpeed through Delta, where the Fates decree
To ſeat the war, and his ſad tragedy.
Rich Delta, Ægypts pride, the flower alone
Of all the Pharian Kings dominion;
Upon theſe fertile breaſt a thouſand waies
In winding tracks the wanton Nilus plaies,
And with his amorous folding arms doth ſeem
T'embrace ſmall Ilands, whileſt his ſilver ſtream
From ſeverall channels oft it ſelfe doth meet,
And oft it ſelfe with wanton kiſſes greet,
So thoſe fair rivolets, which for the food
Of living bodies, beare the crimſon blood
To every part, within the river meet,
And there with kiſſes numberleſſe do greet
Themſelves; and as they through each other glide,
Make many knots, as if they took a pride
In their ſtrange foldings, and themſelves did pleaſe
In thoſe admired Anaſtomoſes.
This fertile region, whoſe extenſion makes
A juſt triangle, from the letter takes
Delta for name, whoſe baſis is the Sea,
Whoſe two ſides Niles, two wideſt channels be:
For all the other five within thoſe two
Into the Northern Sea through Delta go.
Down from the leſſer cataract Nile flowes,
And in one ſingle channel North-ward goes
From Elephantis Ile the ancient bound,
Twixt the Æthiopian, and Ægyptian ground.
Four thouſand furlongs to that ſpatious plaine,
Where Memphis ſtands, ſo famed for the vaine,
And miſpent labour of ſo many men,
Her wondrous Pyramids; which had not been,
If natures bounty, and the wealthy ſoile
Had not too much excus'd the Plowmans toile:
So many hands (as there were vainly found)
Had been enough t' have made the barren'ſt ground

Of Ammons deserts, or the Libyan sands
Fruitfull by working, t'have entrench'd whole lands,
And fenc'd their Ægypts often conquer'd Towrs
From Persian, Grecian, and Italian powrs.
At Memphis Nile his channel doth divide:
That branch that flowes along the Eastern side,
Into the Ocean rowls his curled waves
At strong Pelusium; th'other channel laves
(A thousand furlongs distant thence, as he
Into the Ocean fals) the regions nigh
To faire Canobus, which (by ancient fame)
From *Menelaus* Pilot took the name;
Who dying there, was buried on the shore,
When Ægypts Crown that just King *Proteus* wore:
Who took from *Priam's* wanton son away
Atrides beauteous wife, his ravish'd prey,
And to her husband after her restor'd, (sword
When Troyes sack'd towrs had felt the vengefull
Of arm'd Greece. That region, which between
Those two the widest arms of Nile is seen,
Is Delta, which so plentifully yields,
Ceres and *Bacchus*, rich in pasture fields,
And flowry meadowes where the bleating flocks,
And horned heards do graze; the labouring Ox
Weary'd in those fat furrows, never deceives
Hopes which the greedyest husbandman conceives.
There lofty Cities stand, and Towns of fame,
Lakes flow, which from those Cities take their names.
Butum environ'd with the Buticks lake,
Where once her Oracles *Latona* spake:
There faire Diospolis, Lycopolis,
Hermopolis, and Leontopolis
Proud Cities rise: There doth Busiris stand
Fatal to strangers that were forc'd to land
Upon her bloudy shore; untill the hand
Of great *Alcides* freed the grieved land

From

From that fell Tyrants reign, whose name the Town
Yet bears; near that is that faire City known
By Venus name; there faire Panephysis,
Tanitis, Xois, and Cynospolis,
And Sais chief of all the region,
In which *Minerva*'s stately Temple's shown,
Where fam'd *Psammiticus* entombed lies.
There also Mendes famous wals do rise,
Where *Pan* th' Arcadian god is worshipped,
And goats ador'd; there goats (as we have read)
Do mix with woman-kind; so got was he
That lov'd the boy turn'd to a Cypresse tree.
But now to know the future wars successe,
The King advis'd by *Dioscorides*
Fre from Canobus he through Delta pass,
Since there *Serapis* stately Temple was)
Resolv'd to crave that Oracles advice,
Commands the Priests prepare a sacrifice.
This snake-like god *Serapis* seated there,
Whom all rich Ægypt, and the nations near
Devoutly worship, and from every port,
To his undoubted Oracle resort,
Speaks not to men, like other gods, nor shews
His truth by voice, as horned Ammon does;
Nor like their *Apis*, fore-declaring good
Or bad, by taking or refusing food;
Nor like the Delphian *Phabus* doth possesse
In killing rage, a wretched Propheteesse,
Making sad death the punishment or hire
Of every soul his fury doth inspire;
But gently glides into a sleeping breast,
By dreams instructing our repose and rest,
In truths that can be by no labour gain'd:
There onely knowledge is with ease attain'd.
To this renowned Temple far and near
Th' Ægyptian Lords and Princes come to heare

Truth

Truth without help of senses, and to know
By dreaming there their future weal or woe.
Why should this god his knowledge then declare
To men, why men least fit for knowledge are?
And chuse to come to them at such a time,
When they no duties can return to him?
Is it his bounty or his power to shew,
That men so taught may plainly see they owe
Nothing at all to studies of their own,
But to his bounty and his power alone,
That then can make them understand aright,
When they 're bereft of understanding quite?
Or else the god, when men can exercise
Their powers and intellectuall faculties,
Will not descend with their weak thoughts to join
Commixing humane reason with divine.
Within the Temples inmost room, a bed
Of richest purple wrought with gold, was spred,
To which the King was by the Priests convay'd,
And there to take his dreaming vision lay'd.
No dreams at all within that sacred room,
But such as were divinely sent, might come.
Others, which from complexions difference,
Or naturall humours flow'd, were banish'd thence;
And those which from the studies of the day,
Or cares arose, in th' outward Temple stay,
And there together flie in companies
Of different colours, shapes, and qualities.
Fair sanguin dreams that seem to cheer the night,
With beauteous shapes, and rosie wings, as bright
As is the morning, or those flowrs, that grace
In midst of spring, the painted *Flora's* face,
Within the Temple merrily do sport;
To whom the little *Cupids* oft resort;
The little *Cupids* from faire *Venus* grove
Stealing by night, do thither come, and love

With

With those bright sanguine dreams to passe away
The hours of night in sport and amorous play.
There dreams of choler in a flame-like hew
Through th' aire, like little fiery Meteors flew
With swift and angry motion to and fro,
As if they sought within that place a foe.
Sometimes up to the Temples roofe on high
They soar, as if they meant to scale the skie,
Or some impossible archievement sought
T'allay the thirst of an aspiring thought.
But down below with sad and heavy cheer
On dead mens Tombs, and every Sepulcher,
The duskie dreams of melancholy light,
With sable wings like Bats, or birds of night.
Flattering in darkest corners here and there,
But all alone, and still each other feare.
Courting dead skuls, and seeming to invite
The dismall ghosts for company by night.
There all along the Temples whited wall,
Phlegmatick lazy dreams, not wing'd at all,
But slow, like slimy Snails, about do crawl,
And evermore are thence afraid to fall,
And so be drown'd; for on the floor below,
They do suppose deep pools of water flow.
But swift as thoughts can flie, as winds do blow,
Or winged lightning, in a moment go
The flatuous dreams through th' aire; sometimes with some
Like the far-off affrighting thunders voice.
Besides a thousand other companies
Of dreams, which do from daily cares arise,
From thoughts and deeds of men; which do appear
In forms as many and as different there,
As all the World has objects, or is fill'd
With deeds: All these to dreams diviner yield,
And flye aloofe without; nor dare they come
Into the Temples inward sacred room.

The

The dead of night had closed every eie,
And sleep now seiz'd the breast of *Ptolomey*,
When lo a vision from *Serapis* sent
To his affrighted fancy did present
The changed state of Ægypts hapless land,
Which now by fates appointment was at hand.
A larg-siz'd Ox, into that sacred room
With sad and heavy pace did seem to come,
And lean he was, as if he had not eat
Of long, or wanting, or refusing meat;
Save two white spots, his colour wholly black,
One on his forehead, t' other on his back:
And passing by he seem'd to waile and moan,
From his black eies the tears fast trickling down.
After, a woman came of stature tall,
Of presence stately and majesticall;
High Towrs and Castles on her head she bare,
But loose, as if all torn, hung down her haire.
Strong chains did seem her naked armes to tie,
With that arose a dismall shreek and crie,
As it had been from Ghosts infernall sent,
Whose ruy rent the regall monument:
And from their open'd tombs he saw arise
The ghosts of all the buri'd *Ptolomyes*,
From *Lagus* for the first in order all,
Who following, seem'd to wail the womans fall.
With that cold chilling horrour from the breast
Of sleeping *Ptolomey* had banish'd rest,
Who with amazed thoughts look'd up and down;
But when his eies were open the sight was gone.
The Priests approach, and hearing him relate
His dolefull dream, lament the wretched State
Of Ægypts Kingdome, and with one consent
Foretell th' approaching change of government:
Yet to appease the gods, by their advice,
The King commands a solemn sacrifice.

But neerer miseries by far then those
Do threaten thee poor King; the god foreshows
Thy Countries future dangers, and from thee
Conceals thine own approaching tragedy.
To meet with *Cæsar* than he march'd away
Through wealthy Delta, and encamped lay
Upon an high and spatious hill; which round
About commands the lower champion ground;
From whence the Country lie afar describ'd,
A place by nature strongly fortifi'd
Three severall waies; th' ascent so steep and hard
To climb, as seem'd impreguable, did guard
One part alone without the aid of men:
Unto another part a spatious fen
And lake did seem to give protection:
To guard the third a river swiftly run.
Betwixt the lake and which alone did stand,
To lend some passage, a small neck of land:
That little Isthmos seem'd alone to stand
In need of guarding by a souldier's hand
Against the foes assault. But in that place
The King supposes, 'twere too much disgrace
To be assaulted first, and would dismay
His souldiers hearts, for *Cæsar* there to stay;
Or else not safe in what defence the lake,
The river, hill, or his own works could make,
To hinder *Cæsars* comming he intends
Far off; and most of all his forces sends
To guard a river where his passage lay.
That bank, on which th' Ægyptian souldiers stay,
Was high, and far from water, and might well
Keep the Cæsarians off, or them compell
To fight on wondrous disadvantage there.
But *Cæsars* troups incapable of feare,
At first approach, resolve, viewing the place,
In spight of disadvantages to passe.

And

And whil'st the Legionary souldiers throw
'Gainst th' other side, to busie there the foe,
Thick stormes of winged piles; whilst some of them
Strive to lay trees for bridges, o'r the stream;
The German cohorts up and down do try
The rivers depth, and where most easily
They may orswim,or wade the channel through;
And make as boldly their attempts, as though
They went against no enemy at all.
Whilst the Ægyptians do securely gall
Down from above their labouring enemy,
And on the place, not their own worth relye:
For all the weapons which from them are throwo,
Require no strength, but by descent alone
Being wound to the Cæsarians, who intrag'd
To be 'gainst such advantages ingag'd,
Sigh, that their valour they must vainly lose,
Not to subdue, but to approach their foes,
And must contend as eagerly to gaine
A fight,as erst a conquest to obtaine.
Against the river and the banks they goe:
And in this war the foe is least the foe.
Cæsar perceives in what distressed plight
The legionaries are inforc'd to fight,
And therefore straight commands his lightest horse
To wheel about, and with a speedy course
Far from that place to crosse the river ore.
Which they performed swiftly, and before
The Ægyptian souldiers their approach could feare,
Behin'd they charg'd them with a sul carreer.
Whose force whilst they, turning about, withstood,
The legionary souldiers past the flood
With greater ease by bridges which they made,
And through the shalloweſt fords the Germans wad
And now at last th' Ægyptian Souldiers
Are forc'd, though loth, to enter equall wars;

But fear made them unequall, and subdu'd
As soon as fought with, by the fortitude
Of *Cæsars* men, who else had fought in vain
By so much sweat and labour to obtaine
A battell, had they not a conquest had:
And now a slaughter, not a war was made.
The King from out his lofty camp beheld
His slaughtred souldiers bodies strow the field,
Which lately they stood upon; for scarce by flight
Were any saved; the Cæsarian spight
Pursu'd the conquest which they had obtain'd
With such a fury, that the fields distain'd
All o'r with blood, might let th' Ægyptians see
How they before had fought unequally.
He views how few return'd, that newes to tell,
Which he had seen, and knew too sadly well.
But to the Camp, those that escaped were,
Brought nothing but astonishment and feare.
Th' incamped find in them no aid at all,
But see the greatnesse of their fellowes fall:
Whom *Cæsars* men so swiftly follow home,
That to the trenches and out-works they come.
Cæsar, that never in his battels, held
Foe subdu'd, till from his camp expell'd,
Exhorts his souldiers to forget their paine,
And freshly force the works, whilst feare there reigns,
To end this war, and with the wealthy spoile
Of Ægypts King, to recompence their toile.
For need the Souldiers be incouraged
To seek their wages for the blood they shed.
They first invade that little neck of land,
Which 'twixt the rives and the lake did stand.
But that th' Ægyptian souldiers most do guard;
When on the passage there begins a hard
And bloody conflict, one side fight to make
Their conquest perfect, and the fruit to take:

Th'

Th' other despaire instead of courage arms;
For vanquished they tear the worst of harms,
From either side the passage where they stood,
The lake and river are distain'd with blood.
Down halfe dead bodies they precipitate,
Who drown'd in water, taste a double fate.
There oft together, as they fighting stand,
Ægyptians and Cæsarians hand in hand
Do grapling fall into the crimson lake;
Nor there (alas) their enmity forsake:
But weakly try the combat out, where he
That conquers can no long survivour be.
Whilest on that side the Camp, both parties fought
So furiously, and all hands thither brought;
Cæsar perceived on the other side,
That secur'd enough by nature fortifi'd,
Where the ascent was craggy, steep and hard
To climb, that *Ptolomey* had left no guard;
Or those that had been left, from thence were gone
To t'other side, as said, or lookers on.
Thither his lightest cohorts he commands;
Bold *Curfulenus* leads those active hands,
Who straight, as *Cæsar* gave in charge to him,
With those light-armed cohorts 'gins to climb
Th' ascent so steep and hard, that to the foe
Did seem impregnable, but prov'd not so,
Brought on their ruin; death there enter'd in,
From whence with greatest ease he might have been
Repell'd by them. But *Curfulenus* now
Entring th' Ægyptian Camp, with small ado
Kils or repels his few resisting foes,
Fear and distraction through the Camp arose.
The works, whilest to and fro th' amazed run,
On every side by the Cæsarians won:
To whom for mercy now they sue in vaine,
Nor does the Generall their swords restrain;

But

But bids them kill and in their slaughter free
The World from so much fraud and treacherie.
Part of th' Ægyptian Camp had been before
Romes legionarie Souldiers and brought ore
Under *Gobinius*, there in Ægypt left
Were by her pleasures softened and bereft
Of militarie vertue, and became
Degenerate stains unto the Romans name.
Like the Ægyptians they were growne to be
In manners, baseness, fraud, and treacherie.
Not far from thence, unto the river side
A little vessel by a rope was ti'd,
Whither the King in this tumultuous heat
Of flight, escaped from the Camp, doth get;
And now aboord, commands his slender train
With all their strength to launch it out amain.
His purple robe upon the shore he throws;
To'ie disguis'd; but cruell Fate allows
No flight nor safetie to him; nought at all
Gains his disguise but a Plebeian tall,
Who lo the flying multitude espy'd
That from the Camp prest to the rivers side)
That bark, contending all to get aboord
To save themselves, respectless of their Lord.
He cries the King is here, do no intrude;
There is no safetie for a multitude
In one small vessell, why should you destroy
(Losing your selves) the life of *Ptolomey?*
Though Fortune work my ruin, do not you
Murder your King, but *Cæsar's* men pursue.
Amazement stops their ears, and fear of sword
Had banish'd all allegiance to their Lord.
Till, the ore laden vessel sinking down,
Themselves together, with their King they drown.
Mixt with Plebeian deaths a Monarch lies
The royal rich of the ancient *Ptolomey's*

Under no covert but his Niles cold waves,
No Pyramids, nor rich Mausolean graves,
Nor sacred Vaults, whose structures do excell:
As his fore-fathers ashes proudly dwell;
And dead, as living, do their wealth expresse
In sumptuous gorgeous Palaces.

Unhappy *Ptolomey*, how short a date
Have fates allotted to thy kingly State?
No otherwise didst thou a Crown obtaine
Than sacrifices, crowned to be slain.
Happier might'st thou have di'd, before thy reign
(Though short it were) had left that lasting stain
Of *Pompey's* death upon thy name, and shew'd
To future times thy foul ingratitude,
Depriving him of breath, who did before
Thy banish'd (*c*) Father to a Crown restore:
And now to that dead Roman worthies Tomb
Art thou enforc'd a Sacrifice to come
T' appease his Ghost, and offer'd up by him,
In whose behalfe thou didst that heinous crime.
Who chooses rather to revenge, then owe
To thee so base a ruin of his foe.

Cæsar, possest of this great victory,
By land through Delta, marches speedily
To Alexandria; but supposing there
How much the City his just wrath might feare,
He sends before to comfort them and free
Th' inhabitants from feare and jealousie.
To be with joy received, he declares
That all his wrath is ended with his wars;
That he, as Romes dictatour would preserve
Their lives and liberties, and still reserve
The Crown of Ægypt free, rightly to place
Upon the next of *Lagus* roiall race.
And that no other now was his intent
Than to confirm (*f*) *Auletes* (*g*) Testament.

Anno

Annotations to the first Book.

(a) *Thus* Dion; Cæsar *believed that the Ægyptians had truly desired peace, disheartned with their designes not succeeding (for he had heard they were a people by nature timorous and unconstant:) but howsoever their intentions were, he resolved to grant their request, lest he should seem to withstand an offered peace; he sends therefore their King to them; for by his presence he knew there was no increase of strength brought to them, considering his age and bad education: by this means he supposed he might afterwards conclude a peace with the Ægyptians upon his own terms, or find a just pretence of conquering the country, and giving the Kingdome to* Cleopatra: *for he was not at all afraid of their strength now, having received his army out of Syria,* Dion. lib. 42.

(b) *The young King educated in false and deceitfull disciplines, that he might not seem to degenerate from the manners of his Nation, weeping intreated* Cæsar *that he would not send him from him; for enjoying of a Kingdom could not be to him so pleasant as the presence of* Cæsar. Cæsar *moved with his teares comforted him, and promised if there were need shortly to visit him; but* Ptolomey *at liberty, began immediately to warre against* Cæsar *with so fierce and eager desire, that the teares which at the parting he shed, might seem to be teares of joy.* Hirt. Commen. de bello Alexan.

(c) *None of the Roman ships came at all to the succour of* Euphranor, *either because they durst not partake of the danger, or because they had a strong confidence in the great vertue, and extraordinary felicity of* Euphranor, *which in all his other fights had ever attended him: so that he onely at that time behaved himself well, and perished alone with his victorious Galley.* Commen. de bello Alexan.

(d) *Of this Town Canopus, and the Temple of Serapis*

there, thus Strabo *speaks in his seventeenth book*; *Canopus distant from Alexandria an hundred and twenty furlongs by land, was so called from* Canopus Menelaus *his Master of his ship, who was buried there: in it is the Temple of* Serapis, *with great devotion honoured amongst them, insomuch as the Noblemen put great affiance in that god, and came thither to take dreams both for themselves and others: some of them have written of divers cures which have been there wrought, and many miracles in several kinds: but above all other things, wonderfull is that number, who upon festivall times come downe thither by the Lake from Alexandria: for night and day is that Lake full of boats, in which men and women with songs, and gestures of all manner of Lasciviousnesse do recreate themselves: and in Canopus it selfe, divers Inns there are upon the Lake side to entertain passengers with such levities and vain delights.* Strabo lib. 17.

(e) *This young King* Ptolomeus Dyonisius *son to* Ptolomeus Auletes *the last of all the race of* Ptolomey's, *by the wicked counsell of his followers, as* Photinus *the Eunuch,* Achillas *Captain of the guard, and* Theodorus Chius *the Rhetorician, had unthankfully slain* Pompey *the Great, flying to him in his necessity, who before had been the greatest means of restoring his father* Auletes *to the Crown of Ægypt.* Dion. Plutarch. Appion.

(f) Auletes Ptolomeus *the ninth* Ptolomey *from the son of* Lagus, *who after the death of* Alexander *the Great possessed Ægypt, was a man (saith* Strabo) *of most dissolute and wicked manners, for which he was expelled his Kingdome by the people of* Alexandria; *who made the eldest of his three daughters Queen over them; his two sons being both infants, had by this means lost all hope of succession in their fathers Kingdome: the Queen elected was married to one* Cybiosactes *of Syria, who derived his pedigree from the ancient Syrian Kings: but the Queen within few dayes strangled her husband, and not able to endure his sordid and ba-*

base nature; and married her selfe to Archelaus, *who fained himselfe the son of* Mithridates Eupator; *but was indeed the son of that* Archelaus, *who had warred against* Sylla, *but was afterwards honoured by the Romans, and grandfather to him who reigned last in our times over Cappadocia: this* Archelaus *living then with* Gabinius, *whom he promised to aid in a war against the Parthians, was by some of his friends (unknown to* Gabinius) *brought unto the Queen, and declared King: at that time the banished King* Ptolomeus Auletes *was fled to Rome, and there kindly entertained by* Pompey *the Great, and by him commended to the Senate:* Pompey *advised them to restore* Auletes *to his Kingdome, and put to death those Embassadours that were come to thither to plead against their Prince, of which Embassage,* Dio *the Academian was chiefe.* Auletes *therefore brought back to his Kingdome by* Gabinius *overcame, and killed the Queen his daughter, and* Archelaus *his son in law; dying shortly after, he left behind him two sonnes, and two daughters.* Strabo lib. 17.

(g) Ptolomeus Auletes *by his Testament had willed (according to the incestuous custome of that family) that his eldest son* Ptolomey *should marry his eldest daughter* Cleopatra, *and with her enjoy the Crown of Egypt: the procuration of this testament was by him assigned to the people of Rome, which* Cæsar *as Dictatour had power to execute.* Dion. lib. 42. Hirt. Commen. de bello Alexand.

The Second book.

The Argument of the second Book.

Fair Cleopatra *is espous'd, and led*
A wife in name to her young brothers bed:
Great Cæsar's heart her tempting beauties fire,
who reaps the wanton fruit of his desire.
The scatter'd reliques of Pharsalia
Scipio *unites again in Africa.*
The strength of Varus there; each nations name,
That under Juba's *royal standard came.*
Cæsar *from Ægypt 'gainst Pharnaces goes,*
And vanquishes, as soon as sees, his foes:
Erects a trophee there; and crossing ore
More swift then thought, arrives on Libya's shore.

THe Alexandrian Citizens releast
From al their fears by *Cæsar's* pardon, feast
With Joy; extol the goodness of the skies,
And to their gods devoutly sacrifice
With usual rites: Alas, you do not know
Fond Alexandrians, to whom you ow
Your Cities safetie; not those deities,
That you with vain and barbarous mysteries
Adore, have wrought it; nor could all your Towrs,
Your stately Temples, Tombs of Conquerours,
Nor *Alexander's* bury'd dust, which more,
Than your religion *Cæsar's* thoughts adore,
Prevail so much in purchasing his grace,
As beauties charmes in *Cleopatra's* face.

It

It was the glance of her bewitching eyes
Had power to help your helpleſs deities:
Nor was it fit ſuch people, rites and laws
Should owe their ſafetie to a better cauſe.
Great *Cleopatra* miſtreſs of the State,
To give the conquering author of her Fate
High entertainment, to his eye diſplays
Th'Ægyptian wealth in ſuch luxurious ways
As might excuſe even Rome, and make the riot
Of her degenerate Senate ſeem the diet
Which th'ancient *Curii*, and *Camillus* us'd,
Not what her Aſian victories infus'd.
The gorgeous Pallace with ſuch luſtre ſhone
As wealthy Kingdoms neer their ruin grown
Uſe to expreſs; which ſhew the preſent crimes,
And ſpeak the fortune of precedent times.
But *Cæſar's* eyes in all that wealthie ſtore,
Which he ſo lately had beheld before,
No pleaſure find, nor with delight views he
The golden roofs, nor precious imag'rie,
Rich Eben pillars, boords of Citron wood,
Which on their carved Ivorie treſſels ſtood:
Nor curious hangings do his eyes admire.
For *Cleopatra's* beautie, and attire
Did quite eclipſe all objects, and outſhone
All other ſplendours; on her looks alone
His eyes are fix'd; which, though beheld before,
The more he views, do raviſh him the more.
All other objects loſe a ſecond ſight;
But womans beautie breeds the more delight
The ofter ſeen: he views that ſnowie neck,
Thoſe golden treſſels, which no gems can deck.
The wealth, ſhe wore about her, ſeem'd to hide,
Not to adorn her native beauties pride.
Though there bright Pearls from th' Erythræan ſhores
From all the th'Aſſyrian lakes, the wealthy ſtores

Of silver Ganges, and Hydaspes shone;
From Ægypts Eastern Iles the gold like stone.
And cheerful Emeraulds gather'd from the green
Arabian rocks were in full splendour seen.
Pale Onyx, Iaspers of a various die,
And diamonds darkned by her brighter eye.
The Saphirs blew, by her more azure veins
Hung not to boast, but to confess their staines
And blushing Rubies seem'd to lose their die
When her more rubie lips were moving by,
It seem'd (so well became her what she wore)
She had not robb'd at all the creatrues store,
But had been natures selfe, there to have show'd
What she on creatures could or had bestow'd.
But *Cesar's* heart enflamed long before
Burns with fresh furie, and resolves no more
Now to conceal, but feed the pleasing flame (fame:
What power (quoth he) controles my wish, what
What would the fowrest seeming vertue do?
Arm'd with a power like me, and tempted so?
By such a beautie as from guilt would free
A Ravisher, and make adulterie
No crime at all, but such a piece of vice
As former times unto the Deities
Did oft impute; had *Cleopatra* been
By those renowned Græcian writers seen,
Whose Deathless Poemes in the skies above
Have fix'd to many paramours of *Jove*;
Before the daughters of fair *Pleione*,
Atlanta, *Maia*, and *Taygete*, she
Had there been grac'd: her Tresses far more fair
Had shew'd in Heaven then *Berenices* hair,
Calisto's Wain had not in skies been set,
Nor *Ariadnes* shining Coronet,
Till *Cleopatra's* Star had found aplace,
And chose what part of Heaven she meant to grace.

Let

Jove my warrant be; whom powerful love
oft as forced from Heaven; or let it prove
e Thunderers excuse to future times
hat *Cæsar* now partakes the Thunderers crimes.
There is no cause thou should'st misdoubt thy suit
waking Dragon keeps that golden fruit
hou mean'st to taste, nor need'st thou fear to find
at beautie guarded by too chast a mind.
t wanton love, and *Cupids* childish fires,
ch warm Plebeian hearts, and move desires
rural Girles, and lowly Shepherds swains
d not thy suit, Oh *Cæsar*. She disdains
hat common cause should make her beautie yield
thy embraces; her proud breast was fill'd
ith higher thoughts; desire of Soveraignties
ining hopes of State and Majestie
Cleopatra's breast had now controll'd
ll other passions; had her bloud been cold.
t when ambition pleadeth on thy side,
r chastitie had yielded to her pride.
hat reason *Cæsar*, that did first subdue
hy loyaltie to Rome, made thee embrue
hy parricidal hands in her sad wounds.
nd die with bloud Thessalia's guiltie grounds
oves now the selfe same cause that conquered
his Queen and drew her to thy wanton bed.
t not the guiltie greatnes with thy mind
e by vain men extoll'd; since here we find
womans breast the same impressions moves
mbitious pride, and Soveraignties dire love
like in thee and *Cleopatra* plac'd
ade thee disloyal prove, and her unchast.
Cæsar, left Rome should judge he first did move
his war alone for *Cleopatra's* love
o win for her, not for his Countries sake.
For conquer'd Ægypt he intends to make

No

No *(a)* Roman province) and on th' other side
Too much suspecting that th' Ægyptians pride
His bounteous favour would far lesse esteem,
If that a woman wore their Diadem,
Whilst yet a male-child liv'd of *Lagus* blood;
Thus cleares both doubts; to make the action good
One colour serves: young *Ptolomey*, whom he
Before had married to *Arsinoë*,
A child of eight yeers old, must now supply
The room of his dead brother *Ptolomey*,
And weare two shadowes both of love and State,
Of Ægypts King, and *Cleopatra*'s mate.
What more then names, poor boy, dost thou obtain?
As vain thy marriage is, as is thy reign,
And but in title nothing is thine own:
Cæsar thy bed possesses, thee thy Crown.
Nor canst thou yet so much as rivall prove
In *Cleopatra*'s reign, or *Cæsar*'s love.
Yet happy art thou that thy tender age
Cannot enjoy th' incestuous marriage:
For if the match for thee had been more fit,
Thou hadst contracted greater guilt from it,
And with foul incest stain'd a brothers name; (blame,
But whilst thou want'st the fruit, thou want'st the
Now without care thou dost a crown obtain,
And an incestuous marriage without stain.

Now nights black mantle had the earth o'r-spread,
And all the host of stars in *Phœbus* stead
(Though with lesse light) adorn'd the spangled skye:
When *Cæsar* fill'd with love, and raised high
With *Mereë*s sparkling wine, pursues his suit,
And soon obtains the wish'd and wanton fruit
Of his late wars and toils; his fame and glory,
His power, and gifts the strongest Oratory
Had woo'd, and won the Queen to his delight,
Within whose arms he spends the wanton night,

Nor,

Cleopatra, was't a crime in thee;
incestuous custome of thy family,
here sisters, wives on brothers are bestow'd,
mixture of the neerest names allow'd,
kes this a vertuous love: thou hadst been led
h greater guilt to such a nuptiall bed;
d'tis thy fate, thy beauty cannot be
ner enjoy'd than by adultery.
Yet from the burden of her fruitfull womb,
h hers, and *Cæsar's*, punishment shall come.
young (*b*) *Cæsario*, whom their loves short joy
h adverse Fates begets (unhappy boy)
timely slain, shall be in future time
gustus *Cæsar's* parricidall crime,
d *Cæsar's* house with *Cæsar's* blood shall blot;
y guilt, *Augustus*, is that night begot,
hich shall hereafter those rich triumphs stain,
hich thou from Ægypts conquest shalt obtain;
lesse that flattery be raught for thee
west all natures lawes, and policy
State, together with the peace of Rome
leag'd to justifie thy bloody doom.
Whilest *Cæsar* thus a wanton conquerour
Ægypt staies, the Senates scatter'd power,
d flying legions from Pharsalia
pio again unites in Affrica,
) Great *Pompey's* father in law, who now o'r all
by consent elected Generall.
out *Labienus* most engag'd of all
hate to *Cæsar*, (though against the Gaul
e under *Cæsar's* colours oft had fought)
rves under him; and matchlesse *Cato* brought
no engagement of a private cause,
t for his Countries libertie and lawes.
) *Petreius* falsely there takes arms again
ainst *Cæsar's* side, by *Cæsar* once in Spain

Pardon'd

Pardon'd before ; there Attius *(e)* Varus ſtands,
Who all the Roman Provinces commands
In Affrick, once proud Carthage feodars :
Who brings his punick forces to the wars,
Subtle in warlike ſlights, with Targets light,
Short ſwords, and breaſts unarm'd they uſe to fight:
And ſtill in battell weare their Caſſocks red.
To hide the colour of the blood they ſhed.
Drie Barces ſcorch'd, and ever-thirſting ſands
Send men to Varus ; there the warlike bands
Of hot Cyrene ſtand, the progeny
Of *Pelops* ſtain'd and tragick family,
That from Mycena came ; there th' Aæans ſtood
Mixed of Libyan and Sicilian blood ;
And thoſe of Tabraca, th' old Tyrians brood.
The men of Leptis, and at Hippo bred,
Where the Phœnicians firſt inhabited
When they to Affrick came ; Hippo, whoſe ſite
Made it the ancient Libyan Kings delight.
And there in arms the men of Thapſus be,
That from the Latines draw their pedegree.
Juba to theſe his mighty army brings,
Juba, the greateſt of all Affrick Kings,
Who had already given a fatall blow
In *Curio's* ſad and mortall overthrow
To *Cæſar's* ſide : No Lybian King alone
Commands ſo large and vaſt a region.
Th' extent of his dominion lies as farre
As Thera's plains, and horned Ammons are
From Mauritania's weſtern lands,
Where neer the Gades heaven-propping *Atlas* ſtands
With whom to war ſo many Nations went
Of manners, rites, and habits different ;
Fierce Mauritanians, which derive their race
From th' ancient Medes, who peopled firſt the place.
The Naſonians ever bare and poor,

Th

Till wracks at Sea enrich their fatall shore
With mankinds ruine; the scorch'd swarthy bands
Of Garamantians, on whose barren sands
No shady trees ere spread, no flocks do feed,
Nor ought but serpents, and dire monsters breed.
With these Marmarians march, whom nature makes
Antidotes against those mortall snakes.
Then march the vagrant bold Numidians
On well-rein'd Steeds; and light Massylians,
Who evermore their horses bitlesse ride;
And them alone with slender wands can guide.
The strong Getulians that no dwellings know,
But with their herds do wander to and fro;
That in no sports but dangerous delight;
And singly dare with raging lions fight.
The light Autololes, whose winged speed,
In running far out-strips the swiftest steed,
Equals the winds themselves, and as they passe,
Scarce bend the standing corn, or slender grasse.
The cole-black Mibian next, upon whose brow
And curled locks the scorching sun doth shew
His lasting tyranny; who to the war
Does lightly goe, his breast and body bare,
And never iron nor brasse armour wears;
Great linnen Turbants on his head he bears
Instead of helms: his arrows mortall points
With venom'd juice he treacherously anneints.
Shaggy Cyniphians too were armed there
Who Goats roughskins upon their shoulders weare,
Their beards o'r grown and horrid: near to these
With painted shields the Adyrmachides
Arm'd on the left side onely, not the right;
And swords, like sickles crook'd they use in fight.
Of diet course and rude; their meat upon
The sands is roasted by the scorching Sun.
Besides the Troups that were from Vaga sent,

That

That from Ruſpina and fair Zamah went,
From all theſe ſeveral places *Juba* draws
A royal Armie 't aid the Senates cauſe,
Ioyning himſelfe with Roman *Scipio*.
With all theſe forces they intend to go
When firſt the ſpring her verdant face ſhall ſhow,
And comfortable gales of Zephyre blow
T'invade their native Country, and ſet free
Subjected Rome from *Cæſar's* Tyrannie:
And their great deſign from the event
Of old examples found encouragement.
Since ſad experiences did often ſhew
Romes ſtrength, neer Rome, 't was eaſieſt to ſubdue.
They knew the barbarous Cimbrian, furious Gaul,
The force of Carthage led by *Hannibal*
Beat off in forren parts by Roman powers,
In Italie prov'd eaſie conquerours,
With theſe they ſadly call to mind how ſoon
Cinna, Sertorius, Carbo, Marius won
Rome by ſurpriſe, though beat in forren lands
With eaſe by *Sylla*, and great *Pompey's* hands.
And laſt of all when this ſad war begun,
And *Cæſar* firſt had croſſed Rubicon,
Pompey without one conflict fled away.
And Rome to him became an eaſie prey.
But *Cæſar's* fortune fruſtrates their intents;
His wonted ſpeed and ſtrange ſucceſs prevents
Their expedition, and as every where
He had before, ſo plac'd th' affailant here
Too ſoone, alas, ſhall you in Affrick ſee
Who you intend to ſeek in Italie.

But *Cæſar* plung'd in Ægypts ſoft delights
Inſnar'd by beauties, and the charming ſlights
Of *Cleopatra*, could almoſt forget
How many armed foes, and forces, yet
Oppoſe his growing fortunes, and remain

Threat

Threathing the height of his uſurped reign.
As when *Alcides* with ill fate had ſeen
The tempting beauties of the Oechalian Queen,
His brawny ſhoulders ſtraight forget to wear
The lions skin, his awfull hand to bear
The monſter-taming club; from his rough head
The poplar garland falls; no tyrants dread
That world-avenging ſtrength; which had well-nigh
Been ſunk into a tameleſs lethargie.
And *Juno's* hopes of great *Alcides* fall
A womans beautie further'd more than all (vent,
Thoſe monſtrous plagues, which ſhe had power t' in-
Or could from air, earth, ſeas, or hell be ſent.
But Fortune finds alarums to awake
The ſoul of *Cæſar* from this dream, and make
Compleat for him the work ſhe had begun,
Whither ſhe haſten'd Romes ſad ruin on;
Or rather bluſh'd ſuch liberties and laws,
Should owe their ſafetie to ſo baſe a cauſe
As *Cæſar's* ſloth; and judg'd it better far
Than keep it ſo, to loſe it by a war:
That war alone, which built up Romes high reign,
Should now have power to ruin her again.
Nor were the Fates pleas'd that the wanton love
Of *Cleopatra* ſhould more helpful prove
To Romes affairs, then all thoſe juſt-drawn ſwords,
Which once Theſſalia, Libya now affords.
Yet was it now no ſtrength, no armes of Rome,
No part of Civil war drew *Cæſar* from
Egypts delights; (*f*) *Pharnaces* feeble power
Provok'd him firſt to make him conquerour
Of greater forces then his own; as when
A ſleeping Lion's couched in his den,
The horned heards ſecurely graze along
The verdant paſtures; till that Lion ſtung
By ſome preſumptuous little Gnat awake,

And

And wanting there his full revenge, doth make
Thoſe cattel feel his wrath; whoſe lives anon
Do rule the little Gnat's preſumption.
This falſe *Pharnaces*, who from *Pompey's* hand
Receiv'd (as price of parricide) the land
Of rich Cimmerian Boſphorus, was ſon
To *Mithridates* whoſe tear'd power had won
From *Nicomedes* his Bythinia,
Conquer'd Armenia, Cappadocia,
And wealthieſt Græcian Iles, whoſe ſwelling fame
Began to rivall Romes victorious name,
And long withſtood her growing Fate; at laſt
By *Pompey's* force from all his Kingdomes chac'd,
He fell by treaſon, to increaſe the ſhame
Of his falſe ſon, and leſſen *Pompey's* fame.
Pharnaces now with vain ambition ſwell'd,
Deceiv'd by flattering hopes, when he beheld
Romes broils, and ſaw how her divided bands
Againſt themſelves imploi'd their conquering hands,
Sought to regain what once his father had,
And 'gan the Roman provinces invade:
In Aſia minor, (his firſt enterpriſe
Fortune beholding with propitious eies)
Domitius fall, who with ill Fate imploi'd
The ſwords of *Cæſar*, rais'd his boaſting pride.
Nicopolis, whoſe lofty walls were there
Founded as *Pompey's* Trophees, ſtill to beare
Name of his conqueſt, and the place to ſhew
Of *Mithridates* final overthrow,
Beheld the ſlaughter of *Domitius* hoſts
A parentation to the Pontick ghoſts.
Nine times had *Cynthia* now reſtor'd again
Light to her waned horns, when *Cæſar* chain'd
In *Cleopatra's* wanton arms, had ſtay'd
On Ægypt coaſt; her ſwelling womb diſplai'd
At laſt th' effect of an adulterous bed,

Whom

Whom *Cæsar* thus departing comforted,
Fair Queen, sole mistresse of thy *Cæsar's* State,
The fate of him that rules all other fate,
Pharnaces cruel to himselfe and me,
With his own ruin parts our companie.
His treasons, Love, now call my vengefull steel,
Do not thou grieve; the conquer'd foes shal feel
Our parting griefe, and in their slaughter see
With how much anger *Cæsar* goes from thee.
But that poor King dares not my force withstand,
He onely drawes me from this happie land,
To make a journey rather then a war:
For he at first will flie, and easier far
May I obtain a conquest than a fight.
His dastard troups my name alone shall fright,
And easie triumphs comes; but I from thee
So griev'd to triumphs, sad to victorie.
From thee, whose eys make Ægyps swarthie face
Lighter than that white path the Gods do trace:
Without whose light no lands breeds my content
And Rome it selfe to me is banishment.
But Fate to us far greater conquests ows,
How much, alas, would *Cleopatra* lose
If *Cæsar* stay'd at home? we have not yet
Fully attain'd that world commanding height,
That most enthrone thy beautie in a State
High as it self, for all to wonder at
Like some new Constellation; those that ne'r
To' Antartick pole, ne'r see the Northern Bear
Descend into the Ocean; those that lie
Enduring winters lasting tyrannie)
Under the frozen wain, and lose the sight
Of bright Canopes, whose desired light
Cheers this Horizon still, shall both adore
Faire *Cleopatra's* name; the farthest shore
That *Peleus* silver-footed wife doth know

Shall honour thee; even Rome her selfe shall bow,
And with her Eagles shall thy State maintaine,
Whilest Kings do wait on *Cleopatra's* traine.
For such effects, fair Queen, (if *Cæsar* know
His fate aright) shall this our parting now
Return to thee when I in triumph come:
By this deare part of *Cæsar*, which thy womb
Encloses here, thou shalt engage our speed:
Therefore farewell; we must pursue in deed
Our consultations swiftly as we thought.
But *Cleopatra*, whom loves Queen had taught
All winning wiles; and best with such a face
As teares became, and griefe it selfe did grace,
Thus with a seeming griefe, and teares replies:
I dare not hope to change the Fates, or prize
My worthlesse prayers at so high a rate,
As to have power at all to change the State
Of *Cæsars* great resolves, on which depend
All nations fates, and all the States attend.
If by their prayers frail mortality
Should hope to alter what the gods decree,
'T were a proud piety. I'll rather lose
My suit, and check my love, then interpose
It so, and rather to my selfe deny
The happinesse of *Cæsar's* company,
Than love it with so great presumption,
As, for mine own delights, to hinder one
Of his resolves; yet pardon, mighty Lord,
If to mine own desires I do afford
One place in love: cannot Great *Cæsar* thrive
In these his wars, if *Cleopatra* live
Neer to his person? Can it overthrow
His fortune to procure my safety so?
There's no retreat in all the world for me,
So safe as thy victorious camp will be.
But I am pleas'd to stay at thy command

In Ægypt still, and still suppose this land
Within Great *Cæsar's* reach; whose powerfull hands
From silver Ganges to the Bætick sands,
From Pole to Pole extend their conquering force:
No distances of place can long divorce
The two, if *Cæsar* in his love can be
As speedy as in war and victory,
And march as fast to find his friends as foes:
This pledge, which I within my selfe include,
Assures my longing mind against delay,
That *Cæsar* long will not protract his stay.
Then with a kisse he bid the Queen adieu;
And wing'd with haste, into Armenia flew
Swifter then lightning, or the Southern wind
Along through Liby'as yielding aire, to finde
Pharnaces out; whom he (past thought) o'r took
Neer Zela wals, and vanquish'd with a look.
Soon beat, he left behind him nought at all
That might deserve a mention, but his fall;
Nor can there ought of this short war be said,
But *Cæsar* (g) came, and saw, and vanquished.
How much did *Pompey's* honour suffer there,
When *Cæsar's* troups beheld that Nations feare?
And saw how easie 'twas to conquer them?
How undeserv'd did his great triumph seem
O'r Pontus and Armenia? More was lost
Then poor *Pharnaces* Crown, and feeble host
The fame of *Pompey* was o'r thrown that day,
When *Cæsar* boasting could finde cause to say;
O's *Pompey* happy thou, that by defeat
Of these base Nations, got'st the name of Great;
Whilst I subduing the fierce Gaules, deserv'd
No name, enjoi'd no Triumph: hadst thou serv'd
Beyond the frozen Alpes, or past the bound
Of Rhenes swift streame, the big-bon'd Germans found,
The difference 'twixt our acts thou then hadst seen,

Our civil wars perchance had never been.
Yet ere that he from thence to Affrick pass,
Though haste important urge him, in the place
A stately Trophee he elects to show
To future times *Pharnaces* overthrow,
Not far from that proud Trophee, which before
Great *Mithridates* for his conquest ore
Triarius, had erected; that his storie
Might quite eclipse old *Mithridates* glorie,
Or please his Manes, that the field there won
Took punishment of his unnatural son.
But greater wars call *Cæsar* thence away;
Scipio not far from Adrumetum lay
With all the power of Reme, but did not (*b*) now
Since Winters furie rag'd, expect a foe,
For *Phœbus* lamp to our Horizon low,
The shortest daies and coldest did bestow
From *Capricorn*, cold Winter gaz'd the flouds,
And purl'd with frost the fields and naked woods.
But *Cæsar's* heart, admitting no delay,
Whose speedie march no season ere could stay;
When he his Dictatorship at Rome
Had tane, and thence to Sicilie was come,
Lest any time should to his fame be lost,
Even then the Seas from Lilybæum crost,
And sailing by the Libyan shores, espies
Great Carthages half-ruin'd edifice;
And Clupeas fatal station passes by
With griefe, remembring how unhappily
Bold *Curio* there did with his legions land
A woful prey to *Juba's* barbarous band.
Then from this omnious place he sailes away
Westward along, and leaving Utica
(Where *Cato* then in Garison did lie;
Cato the soul of Roman libertie;
Who from the Town must shortly take a name

And

And leave the Town, in lieu, eternal fame)
At Adrumetum lands; upon which coast
Scipio encamps with all his Roman hoast.

Annotations to the second Book.

(a) Dion *relates it thus;* Cæsar *having subdu'd Ægypt, would not subject it, as a Province of the people of Rome, but bestow'd it wholly upon* Cleopatra, *for whose sake he had made the whole war in Ægypt; yet fearing lest the Ægyptians under the reign of a woman would rebell again, and that he might perchance alienate the hearts of the Romans from himselfe by reason of this, and the familiarities which he was known to have with* Cleopatra, *he gave her in marriage to her younger brother, and confirmed the Kingdome to them both; which was indeed but a show, for* Cleopatra *wholly possessed the power; her husband being a Child, therefore under a pretext of marriage, by which she should joyn with her brother in the Kingdome, she both reigned alone, and enjoyed the bed of* Cæsar. Dion. lib. 42.

(b) *This* Cæsario, *both* Dion *and* Plutarch *report to* be the son of Iulius Cæsar *by* Cleopatra, *when after the Alexandrian war and before his expedition against* King Pharnaces, *he stayed in Ægypt (according to* Dion *) nine monthes: after the victory of* Augustus Cæsar *against* Marcus Antonius *and* Cleopatra, *this* Cæsario *being sent away for safety into Æthiopia (saith* Dion*) was intercepted in the journey and slain by* Cæsar's *command: the reasons that moved* Augustus *to this cruelty, were partly the counsell (according to* Plutarch, *) of* Arius *the Philosopher, his tutor, who told him it was not safe to suffer too many* Cæsars; *partly the remembrance of what* Antonius *had done, who before had commended this* Cæsario *to the old Souldiers, advising them rather to honour the tree and natural sonne of* Iulius Cæsar; *then* Octavius *who was but an adopted heir.*

(c) Scipio *was chosen Generall of all the Roman forces in Affrica that meant to continue the war against* Cæsar,

partly by reason of his dignity, and partly by an absurd perswasion (saith Dion*) that no* Scipio *in Affrick could be unfortunate: which thing when* Cæsar *perceived might entourage the enemy and dishearten his souldiers, he took along with him a certain obscure man descended of the race of the* Scipio's, *and of that surname (but his name was* Salatto) *and with him to thwart the other superstitious fear, he landed at Adrumetum before the enemy expected him, it being then an unseasonable time of the yeare.* Dio. l. 43.

(d) Varus *had governed so long those Countries, and was so puffed up by the victory of* Juba *(saith* Dion) *that he contended with* Scipio *himselfe for the chiefe command; but by the authority of* Cato *it was swaied on* Scipio's *side.* Cato, *when all the Souldiers offered to him the chiefe command, or at least to be joined Generall with* Scipio, *refused both; accounting it just that he which by the lawes had attained the highest dignity, should have now the greatest command; but he himselfe had never attained to so much dignity in Rome, as* Scipio; *to him therefore of his own accord he yielded place, and gave him also that army which he had brought into Affrick.* Dion. lib 43.

(e) Petreius *had before been vanquished by* Cæsar *in Spain.* Lucan. lib. 4. *He was then pardoned and set free upon oath never to war against* Cæsar *again; which oath here he violated.*

(f) Cleopatra *(saith* Dion*) had staied* Cæsar *longer in Ægypt or else accompanied him to Rome, if* Pharnaces *had not been the hinderance: this* Pharnaces *the sonne of Great* Mithridates *was King of Bosphorus Cimmerius; but moved with an ambitious desire of recovering all his fathers Kingdome, while Rome was intangled in civill war, he had rebelled: and during the time of the Civil and Ægyptian wars had with small adoe subdued Colchis, and all Armenia in the absence of* Deiotarus, *besides many Cities of Cappadocia, Pontus and Bithynia.* Cæsar *busied then in the affairs of Ægypt, and hoping to subdue* Pharnaces *by*

a Lieutenants hand, *ſends* Domitius Calvinus *to that war, commanding him to take the regency of Aſia, and of thoſe Armies which he found there.* Domitius *joining the Kings* Deiotarus *and* Ariobarzanes *to him, marches directly againſt* Pharnaces, *who was then at Nicopolis, where in fight* Domitius *was vanquiſhed.* Dion. lib. 42.

(g) *Thoſe three words,* Veni, vidi, vici, *did afterward in* Cæſar's *triumph expreſſe his ſudden conqueſt of* Pharnaces, *and that then he uttered ſuch a ſpeech concerning* Pompey, Appian *is my authority.*

(h) Cæſar *in the midſt of winter ſailed into Affrica; by which ſpeed of his (ſaith* Dion*) in comming unawares upon his enemies, he had often proſpered in his greateſt affairs: nor was there any other ſo great reaſon, why* Cæſar *ſo much excelled all other Generals of thoſe times, as his wonderfull ſpeed in all expeditions.* Dion. lib. 42.

The third Book.

The Argument of the third Book.

Juba *from* Scipio *to his Kingdome goes.*
Cæsar *escapes the ambush of his foes,*
And till th' arrivall of his full supplies,
Himselfe within Rufpina fortifies.
Sage Cato *s counsell to Great* Pompey's *son.*
Juba's *return*; *the whole war meets upon*
Vzzita's *plains, and is remov'd from thence*
To Thapsus *fatall fields*: *what dire ostents*
Forego the battell; Cæsars *victory*;
To severall coasts the vanquish'd Princes flie.

NOW near this mighty war began to draw:
Those blood-stain'd swords, which dire Pharsalia saw
With no lesse guilt in Libya meet again,
To draw that little blood that did remain
In Rome afflicted State: Why did you spare
It then, oh gods, to make a second war?
Was it cause one, though ne'r so great a blow,
The Roman Empire could not overthrow?
Or must moe lands behold her fall? moe grounds
Drinke in the blood of her unnaturall wounds?
Or must this second war declare to all
The Sate subsisted after *Pompey*'s fall,
And once again her freedome might have seen,
Had *Cæsar*'s war alone 'gainst *Pompey* been.

Rome

me now in Affrick is; thoſe ſcorched grounds
at once her conqueſt ſaw, now ſee her wounds.
here once the *Scipio*'s with triumphant Fate
wanc'd her Eagles 'gainſt a rivall State.
is *Scipio* now inſtead of barbarous foes,
Romes behalfe 'gainſt Romes dictator goes.
But fate awhile, content with meaner play,
ſpits the tryall of ſo great a day.
many lives as there reſolv'd were met,
uſt not be thrown into the hazard yet.
or muſt ſad *Thapſus* give the fatall blow
f *Juba*'s fall, and *Scipio*'s overthrow,
ntill Rhuſpina, and Uzzita's Walls
ave felt the force of both the Generals,
nd other parts of Affrick have beheld,
ome bloody prologues to ſo great a field.
ortune a while from helping *Scipio*,
verts King *Juba*'s ſtrength, inforc'd to go
ith ſpeedy marches to his Kingdomes aid;
Which (*a*) *Sittius* now and *Bocchus* did invade.
nd *Cæſars* troops remaining on the ſhore
f Sicily, himſelfe had croſſed o'r
nto a land poſſeſſed by his foes,
With one weak new-fill'd legion; nor to thoſe
That ſtay'd behind, could he appoint the Port
Where they ſhould land, or whither to reſort,
(As he in former wars had ever done)
Committing all to Fortunes rule alone,
So much on her protection he rely'd;
Nor had ſhee ever fail'd his greateſt need.
Could it not ſeem to thine ambitious thought
Cæſar, enough, that fortune ever wrought
Th' accompliſhment of all thy higheſt hopes,
When e'r in field inviron'd with thy troops,
Thou fought'ſt againſt thy greateſt foes; but ſhe
Without an army too muſt ſuccour thee?

And

And all thy rash adventures rectifie?
Was not thy scape from Ægypts treachery,
Thy safe arrivall on Brundusium's shore,
(The stormy seas so boldly ventured o'r
From Greece by night) enough for her to do?
How oft shall fortune more her favour show
From private dangers in protecting thee,
Than in bestowing th' earths sole Monarchy.
From Adumetum, where in Garrison
Confidius lay, whose truth could not be won
From *Scipio's* side, does *Cæsar* march away
With his small army, but in fair array.
Since now his highest hopes were not to get
The Town, but thence in safety to retreat.
Nor was that granted him, *Confidius* horse
With furious sallies oft molest his course,
And vex his Armies rear; t' encounter those
Assaults, does *Cæsar* in the rear dispose
The ablest men, and marching slowly on
Safe to Rhuspina brings his legion.
Nor did that act of war, though seeming small,
But well become so great a Generall.
From thence removing, Leptis him receives,
In which a little Garrison he leaves,
And to Rhuspina marches back again;
That only Town in Affrick did remain
A safe retreat for *Cæsar's* feeble power:
Nor thither then unlesse a Conqueror
Could he arrive; danger beset the way.
Fierce *Labienus* and *Pacidius* lay
To ambush there; in which, though timely spi'd,
Was *Cæsar's* skill and fortune wholly tri'd.
He breaks with Conquest through the adverse troops,
Fortune but mocking *Labienus* hopes.
Who now with losse forsakes the field, and bears,
To Adumetum his hurt Souldiers.

Cæsar

sar returning with his little band
to Rhuspina, takes a work in hand
wondrous toile (since now resolv'd no more
march from thence, till on the Libyan shore
legions all arrive; whom every day
ding the winds and fortune for their stay,
eager thoughts expect) two trenches down
the Sea-shore he draws, one from the Town,
other from his Camp; on either side
ith sharpned stakes, and engines fortifi'd,
well, as that, without the Garrison,
ey might by land secure both Camp and Town,
d make the shore between at his dispose;
t there inclos'd by his insulting foes
or *Scipio* now with his great strength drew nigh)
e paies, in wants, for that security.
or can his men from out their trenches go
fetch provision in by land; the foe
uts off all passage there; and in disdain
f *Cæsar's* weaknesse, on the spatious plain,
cipio oft sets his battels in array,
ho 'mongst themselves in wanton skirmish play,
nd exercise their Elephants, in sight
f *Cæsar's* trenches, and unusuall fight
n Roman armies; those beasts ne'r had been
ill *Pyrrhus* warr'd with Rome, by Romans seen;
or e'r in triumph to the people shown,
ill the Dictator *Curius* had o'rthrown
he Samnites Sabines, and King *Pyrrhus* power:
he like *Metellus* Cretes fam'd Conquerour,
rom his Sicilian victory did bring,
nd *Pompey's* Triumph o'r Numidia's King.
ncertaine aids in war they ever prove,
nd with like danger to both armies move,
s well their own annoying as the foes,
itter for other labours (sure) than those;

Nor,

Nor, though their ſtrength be wondrous, for that end
Did prudent Nature thoſe great beaſts intend.
The Nabathæan lands, where they are bred
Are recompens'd with thoſe rich teeth they ſhed,
Through all the world a wealthie marchandiſe
Which on their deaths oft ſets a greedy price;
But greater far the Eaſtern countrey yields,
Than thoſe within the Mauritanian fields,
And far more fierce; ſuch as in India
Great *Alexander's* frighted Souldiers ſaw.
These mightie beaſts as they in bulk exceed,
And paſs in ſtrength all other far, that feed
On earths vaſt boſom, do as far excel
(If ancient Authors have obſerved well)
In apprehenſion, and large faculties
Of ſoul 'gainſt beaſts they onely exerciſe
Thoſe qualities (or like to them) which we
In men ſtile vertues; perfect equitie
They keep, and laws of juſtice have no uſe;
To which all morral virtues we reduce.
Nor are theſe creatures thought by ſome to be
Quite void of th' intellectuall facultie,
But that they can diſcern and underſtand
The language ſpoken in their native land;
And might diſcourſe, if to ſo ſtrange a wit
Nature had pleas'd to lend them organs fit,
Not ſpeak as Crows and Parrets oft have done
By imitation of a ſound alone.
If we ſo much to Elephants ſhould give,
Why ſhould we call them creatures ſenſitive:
We muſt extend the facultie of ſenſe
To larger bounds and put leſſe difference
'Twixt that and reaſon; or betwixt the two
Find out a middle region to beſtow
Their knowledge in; as ſome things that live,
We place 'twixt ſenſe and vegatation give.

In a higher kind (as some relate)
Do Elephants with men communicate.
If you believe it) a religion
They have, and monethly do adore the Moon,
Besides the lofty Nabathæan wood
Of vast extent Amylo's gentile floud
Gliding along, the sandie mould combines
Thither, as oft as waxing *Cynthia* shines
In her first borrowed light, from out the wood
Come all the Elephants, and in the floud
Washing themselves (as if to purifie)
They prostrate fall; and when religiously)
They have ador'd the Moon, return again
Into the woods with joy. Nor half so vain
Is this devotion which these beasts present,
As that which men more brutishly invent;
Nor (as the mad Ægyptians us'd) do they
To Dogs and Snakes, and vilest creatures pray,
Nor to the senseless Leeks and Onyons bow,
Such Gods as yearly in their Gardens grow;
Nor yet to wood or stone devotion doe
More senseless than the stones they bow unto;
A far more glorious creature they adore.
Should this be true of Elephants, far more
Wise in religion are those beasts then men:
But if that this a fiction be, why then
Did mens invention faine a beast to be
Wiser, than are themselves in Pietie?
While at Rhuspina both the Generals
Encamped rest; in Utica's strong wals
Cato remains with *Pompey*'s eldest (*b*) son,
Whom thus sage *Cato* sharply sets upon:
Awake young man, and now in time redeem
Thy youth from sloath-bred scorn; from disesteem
Go vindicate the name of *Pompey* now:
Go try all Kingdomes, search all Seas to know

How

How great thy father was, what Fame he won,
How strong he leaves thee in thy name alone:
Try if the seas, which his brave hand did free
From Pyrats, can deny a fleet to thee.
That stock of glory which thy Father wonne,
And left behind for thee to spend upon, (side
Arms thee with strength enough (though nought be-
So good a cause could lend) 'gainst *Cæsar's* pride.
Go try the farthest West, sollicite Spain;
The name of *Pompey* is enough to gain
Those Nations to thy side. if nought at all
Thy groaning Countries suff'rings, nor the fall
Of Roman Liberty affect thy mind:
Although thou could'st endure a Lord, and find
Content in serving, yet the wrongs which thou
Alone from *Cæsar* suffrest, were enow
To rouz thy spirits, and stir thine enmity.
If thy great Father for Romes Liberty
And Lawes alone fought in Pharsalia,
As great a Fortune didst thou lose that day
As on a private Citizen could light:
But if thy father for himselfe did fight;
Thy loss was more, and *Cæsar* then from thee
By Conquest took the worlds sole Monarchy.
But would'st thou know the true inheritance
Which he did dying leave thee, to advance
The name of *Pompey*; which may ever be
Thine own, in spite of *Cæsars* enmity,
Which honour bids thee claim, and Rome now needs?
The imitation of his noble deeds
Is thine inheritance: 'twas his brave fate,
When great had men had seiz'd th' afflicted State,
When *Marius* faction did the wals invade,
And Rome it selfe a slaughter house was made,
To save his Country bleeding then, as now,
And not so much in debt to years as thou.

When

When he no honours yet, no titles had,
No power at all but what his Vertue made,
He rais'd an army, reſcu'd Italy.
By him did *Carbo* in Sicilia dye;
By him did Spain behold *Sertorius* fall:
And then in triumph to the Capitoll
He, but a Gentleman of Rome did bring
Hempſal vanquiſh'd the Numidian King.
All this before he had attain'd unto
Thy age, young *Pompey*, did thy father do;
Which to his future greatneſſe made the way,
And ſleep'ſt thou here? What help in Affrica
Send'ſt thou to Rome more than one private hand?
Go gather Forces in another land;
Repair the ruins of thy houſe, or dye
Great as thy birth hath made thee. No reply
Young *Pompey* made at all; but, as if from
Some ſacred Oracle the ſpeech had come,
Or Romes own voice from *Cato*'s breſt had ſpoke,
His modeſty obey'd, and ſtraightway took
A long (*c*) farewell, never to meet again,
But find a Tomb in Europe, and to Spain
Carry as great a part of Romes ſad wounds
As dire Theſſalia's blood-diſtained grounds,
Or fatall Thapſus ſaw. Though deſtiny
Have not allotted, brave young man, to thee
So great and long a race of happineſſe
As to thy Father, yet thy fall no leſſe
Than his ſhall be in weight, nor ſhall the field
Of fatall Munda, to Pharſalia yield.
Cæſar ſuppli'd with ſtrength from Sicily
Marches away, to take and fortifie
Thoſe lofty Hils (in ſpight of enemies)
Which from the champian, neare Uzzita, riſe:
Which hils he takes and fortifies with eaſe:
Though *Labienus* vain-laid ambuſhes

To

To their own ruin did moleſt his way,
By Cæſar's Scouts diſcover'd where they lay
Too ſoon; and ſo by changed fate call'd on
Inſtead of his, their own deſtruction.
So a Getulian Lion when beſet
By weak arm'd Hunters, whoſe vain force doth whet,
Not daunt his courage, with collected ire
Breaks through, and makes his wounded foes retire:
His ſeeming danger nought but anger moves,
And fatall onely to the Hunters proves.
Juba return'd and join'd with *Scipio*,
With all their forces to Uzzita go:
Now the whole war was met; Uzzita's Walls
Beheld the Camps of both Romes Generals.
Thrice there did *Scipio* his whole ſtrength diſplay;
Thrice *Cæſar* ſet his battels in array
Eager of fight; and thrice provok'd his foe
To try all of the day; but *Scipio*
Would not th' advantage of the place forſake.
Nor did the deſtinies intend to make
Uzzita guilty of ſo great a ſtain,
Which did for Trojan fatall fields remain.
Whither, diſlodging from his Camp by night,
(When *Scipio* could not be provok'd to fight)
With proſperous Omen, *Cæſar* marches on:
There then *Virgilius* lay in Garriſon,
Faithfull to *Scipio* and the Senates ſide,
The place by nature ſtrongly fortifi'd.
Scipio and *Juba* follow, though the aire
Gave ſad preſages of the future war,
The earth and ſkies the like; his mourning face
The Sun with clouds obſcured: in whole place
Ruin portending Comets did diſplay
Their blazing Lamps, and made a diſmall day:
And lightning through the uncertaine aire gave light
More full of horrour then the ſhades of night.

The

The thunders voice was heard there where the aire
From clouds was free; and th'horrid noise of war
From thence refounded: Helms of brass did swear,
Some Piles and swords did melt; nor could they get
By strength their heavy standards from the ground:
Which swarms of Bees o'r spread; a hollow sound
Of Lions sadly murmuring was heard
About the Camp: the Mountains all appear'd
To move, which did about Utzita stand
And from the farthest part of Libyan land,
The Mauritanian *Atlas* seem'd to shake
His skie supporting top: Birds seem'd to take
Unusuall flights; sad entrails did appear,
And fill'd the sacrificing Priests with feare:
Nor mean the gods, when these portents they show,
To teach fraile mortals to prevent the woe,
But feare it onely. The unhappy troops
To Thapsus march distraught 'twixt feares and hopes,
Where this great war shall shortly find an end,
On which so many ruins do depend.

The Libyan Thapsus a sea-bordering Towne
An Isle almost by situation,
Is by that Sea, which Affrick doth divide
From Sicily, environ'd at one side;
The other side a spatious fen o'rflowes,
Guarding that part from all approach of foes:
Betwixt the sea, and that great fen doth stand
The onely passage to the Town by land)
A little Isthmos, which (although not wide)
A standing lake doth in the midst divide,
And makes two narrow passages of one:
Within these straits, not far from Thapsus Town
Cæsar is enterr'd now with all his troops,
And with strong works, and deep-digg'd trenches stops
All means of sallies from the Town, that might
Perchance infest his armies rear in fight,

Scipio encamp'd there where the Isthmos ends
Within the continent, with speed intends
To draw a trench down to the shore, and so
Within that neck of land shut up the foe:
But till the work be perfected, to hide
What he intends, or battell to abide,
In fair array he marshals all his bands:
Himselfe with his Italian legions stands
In the mid battel; *Juba*'s legions
Mixt of so many severall Nations,
Make the right battell; on the left doth stand
Stout *Labienus* with a warlike band
Of Gaules, which he had from Brundusium led,
And German troops, which from Pharsalia fled,
Old foes to *Cæsar*: thither *Varus* brings
His Libyan Cohorts: but before both wings
The mighty Elephants are plac'd, to fright
The foes first on-set; and by them the light
Numidian horse, and Mauritanian too:
Behind the beasts the light arm'd souldiers go,
His poison'd quiver the black Mibian bears,
The strong Mazacians their wel-brandish'd Spears,
Of aim as sure as Parthian shafts; by these
With crooked Swords of Adrymachides.
But seeing *Cæsar*'s army in array,
And now not likely to protract the day.
Thus *Scipio* speaks: True Romans, if a Cause
So just, so great, as to this battel draws
Your far-engaged hands, could need at all
Any incitements from a Generall,
The wrongs of Rome, the foes impiety
Afford too large, too sad a scope for me
To play the Oratour, and though the fall
Of our sad State and Lawes in generall,
Should not affect your minds; cast but an eie
Upon those blood-stain'd fields of Thessaly,

Think

Think on Pharſalia's ſlaughter, and le rn there
What each man ſuffers in particular,
Beſide the publique loſſe: let every Ghoſt
Of friend or kinſman, that that day was loſt,
(Yet unreveng'd) excite your valour now:
On us the gods and Fortune here beſtow
A juſter cauſe than there, for *Cæſar's* guilt
Was not ſo great before that blood was ſpilt:
Nor could that honour, Souldiers, have been gain'd
In Theſſaly, that may be here obtain'd
By *Cæſar's* fall; now his eſteem is more,
Although his ſtrength no greater then before,
And we are bound to fortune, who in this
On equall hazards ſets a greater price.
Nor need you fear that ſhe ſhould now forſake
Her Romes defence, whom ſhe has toil'd to make
Head of the world ſo long, becauſe you ſaw
Cæſar ſubdu'd Rome in Pharſalia.
The date of *Pompey's* fortune was expir'd,
His many triumphs, which her favour tir'd,
So long had laſted, as it had been thought
(Had *Cæſar* fall'n when that great field was fought)
Not Romes, but *Pompey's* fortune had prevail'd:
And Rome then only her long favour fail'd,
As loth a private man ſhould think her his,
And ſhe depriv'd of publike ſacrifice.
But think not, Romans, the rebellious Fate
Of one proud man, ſhall ſtill out-weigh the State:
Nor does the anger of the gods appeare
(If this good Omen we may truſt) that here
On Affricks Sun-burnt face you meet the foe
Under the conduct of a *Scipio*.
I need not boaſt what every Nation knows,
With what triumphant Fate the *Scipi'os*
In Affrick have advanc'd Romes power and fame,
How well her Fortune pleas'd her in that name?

And what forbids us hope the like, since we
As lawfully are armed here, and he
Whom now our loyall valour copes withall,
As great a foe to Rome as *Hannibal?*
Into your hands the gods have put their dome;
Nought but your vertue can restore to Rome
Her lawes, and banish'd Citizens again;
For banished are you, and must remain
For ever so, unlesse you conquer here;
He that would see his native land, his neer
And dearest pledges, by the sword must now
Redeem them all in *Cæsar's* overthrow.
Their spirits were rouzed; and the Roman troops
Inflam'd with love of fight, and fill'd with hopes;
No lesse did *Iuba's* barbarous Nations,
With rude and different acclamations
Desire a signall, and precipitate
With eagernesse their own unhappy fate.
Cæsar perceiving that the gods gave way
To his desire, and now the wish'd for day
Of fight was come, advances, and thus cheers
With confidence his forward Souldiers.
The time is come, brave Souldiers, that must crown
And guerdon all the service you have done,
That must conclude the labours of the sword,
And (maugre envy) to your heads afferd
All those triumphant Bayes which hitherto
Have been deferr'd, deserv'd so long ago,
For conquer'd Gallia, Brittain, Germany,
Treacherous *Pharnaces* and false *Ptolomey*;
All these has fortune but deferr'd till now,
To join with them proud *Iuba's* overthrow,
Great as the greatest; and this field when done,
Confirms or loses all that we have wone;
But 'twere a crime to doubt it, since I see
Those looks that never fail'd of victory.

Le

Let yon' torn remnant of Pharſalia know
Their Conquerours. More would he ſay, when lo
From the right wing not ſtaying his command,
The Trumpets ſound a charge, and from their ſtand,
Although the Tribunes and Centurions ſtrive
To keep them back) the ſouldiers ruſh to give
The on-ſet ſtraight; nor them in vain to ſtay
Does *Cæſar* ſtrive, but gives their courage way:
As when two Chariots are prepar'd to run,
And one too haſty from the liſt is gone,
In vain the Charrioter their courſe would ſtay,
The ungovern'd horſes hurry him away.
Then with a rage as great as if two ſeas
Some god removing, for the Sailers eaſe,
The long Malæa) ſhould each other meet,
Both hoſts incounter, and begin the fight
With horrid ſhowts, that all the mountains nigh
Rebound aloud, and back from Sicily
High Lilybæum to the Libyan ſhore,
Return's again their eccho'd clamours o'r,
As much afraid to harbour but the ſound
Of ſuch a war within that quiet ground:
Their noiſe not that of Thracian *Boreas*
Among the Pines of Oſſa, can ſurpaſſe,
Nor that which Nilus falling water makes
Precipitated down the Chataracts,
When with his foam he ſeems to lave the skie,
And ſtrikes a deafneſſe through the dwellers nigh.
Miſchiefe and fury rage; revenge doth one
Excite, the other indignation:
That after *Pompey's* death the war at all
Should laſt, and find another Generall.
Blood all th' adjoining fen diſcolours o'r,
And makes a flood, where ne'r was flood before,
And from the moiſture of ſo many wounds,
Combines the mould of Affricks thirſty grounds.

Through both the hosts *Enyo's* blazing light
Like fatall lightning flashing flies t' excite
Their thoughts to fury; the Tartarian god
Set ope the vaults where Libyan ghosts abode;
And from th' infernall caverns set them free
To view a while this fatall Tragedy.
And glut their dire revenge with Roman blood:
Upon the mountains gloomy tops they stood,
Blasting the day, and round about the hosts
Making a balefull ring, the cruel ghosts
Of *Iugurth*, *Syphax*, and Great *Hanniball*;
Who for their own, and Carthages sad fall
Did then excuse the gods, when they beheld
The Roman fury in that mortall field.
Yet in Romes ruin Libya suffers too:
More wrack, alas, shall this sad battel doe,
Than after ages can repair with ease.
More desolation now, more wilderness
The wasted face of Affrick shall o'r-spread,
And beasts possesse the seats of Nations dead;
Where feared Monarchs once gave lawes to men,
Shall Lions reign, and Tygers make their dens;
The slimy Serpents all alone shall crawle,
And wanting men, shall be no plague at all.
Cæsar foreseeing th' Elephants that were
In front of *Iuba's* battell, would strike feare
Into his troops, doth such a cure provide,
As quite converts upon the other side
The Fate that threatned his; to the right wing
His choicest bowes, and missile armes he brings,
And sets them at fair distance, opposite
To th' Elephants; who there begin the fight
With such successe, as makes those beasts to be
The only cause of *Cæsars* victory.
For gaull'd with shafts, confusedly they run
In spight of their distracted guides, upon

Their own unhappy troops, to ſudden rout,
Putting all *Iuba's* quarter round about.
And bearing down all that before them lay
To *Cæſar's* conqueſt make a ſpeedy way;
Their mighty ſtrength, ſince now ungoverned,
Is by the hand of fortune only led,
And brings advantage to that ſide alone,
Which ſhe is pleaſed to beſtow it on.
The Mauritanian, and Numidian horſe,
Which there were plac'd by th' Elephants rude force
O'rthrown, were cruſh'd to death, or headlong down
Into the trenches, with their riders thrown,
Some few eſcaping by diſorder'd flight;
The light-arm'd ſouldiers mixt with theſe to fight,
Reſt of their ſhelter, now by heaps are ſlain,
And to the foes, a prey, not war remain;
And tire (as ſtanding not to fight but die)
With their bare throats the murd'ring enemy:
Nought there alas, can weak Bamurians do,
With their fire-harden'd Darts; nought can the Bow
And poiſon'd Shafts the cole-black Mibian wears
Avail their Maſter; vain thoſe brittle Spears
Are in the hands of light Autololes,
And crooked Swords of the Adyrmachides:
The weak Cyniphians find that skins of Goats,
Are too light armour to protect their throats;
When Braſſe and Iron no defence affords,
Againſt the force of the Cæſarian ſwords.
The purple field ſo great a ſlaughter ſtrows,
Blood from ſo many different people flows,
That while King *Iuba* takes a ſad ſurvey,
In how great bredths his Empires ruin lay,
No private deaths diſtinguiſhing at all,
He ſcarce can count how many Nations fall:
Nor doth he think, his Camp, after ſo great
An overthrow, can be a ſafe retreat;

But leaving that to gredy enemies,
A wealthy ſpoile, he with *Petreius* flies.
King *Juba*'s Camp by the purſuing foe
Is ſoon poſſeſt, and the Cæſarians know
Before their victory be fully done,
How great a prize their bloody toils have wone.
But fortune, where the Italian legions fought,
And *Scipio* ſtood, had not ſo quickly wrought
Her *Cæſars* end's: their ſtrength by ſtrength repell'd,
And fury join'd with equall fury, held
The ballance ſtreight, whilſt doubting victory
Seem'd, not a while, reſolved whoſe to be;
Or elſe deferr'd it only to declare
That higheſt fury reigns in Civill war.
That Country men in fight are cruell'ſt foes,
Or greateſt courage from worſt cauſes grows.
On equall hopes they both engaged were,
And in no quarter of the war but here,
Did it at all into a queſtion come
What ſhould be Romes eſtate, or *Cæſars* dome.
Nor was the queſtion here determined,
Till with his Libyan Cohorts *Varus* fled,
And *Labienus* too, when he beheld
His ſlaughter'd Gauls and Germans ſtrow the field,
Reſerv'd a while by Deſtinies to ſee
Another ruine great as this, to be
A bleeding part of Romes third mortall wound;
And lye enterr'd in Munda's fatall ground:
As long meant Fortune to prolong their fall,
As Rome with *Cæſar* could contend at all.
Scipio perceives his army overthrown,
And now the loſſe irreparable grown:
Horror diſtracts his thoughts, what ſhould he do?
Survive his battell? and not rather go
Upon the ſwords, and there in height of all
His honour die at Romes chiefe generall,

And

And by the ruine of ſo great a name
Enobie *Cæſar's* conqueſt? Or give fame
To Thapſus fatall field? For what has Fate
Power to beſtow on ſuch a wretched State,
That can at all his minde to live invite?
With this reſolve in fury of the fight
Had *Scipio* dy'd; but flatt'ring hope withheld
Even ſuch as from Pharſalia's mortall field
Made *Pompey* flie to meet a harder fate)
His eager ſoul, that the afflicted State
Though ſeeming dead, after this fatall hour,
Might once more ſtruggle againſt *Cæſar's* power:
Then mounted on a Lybian Steed he flies;
And o'r the field his routed companies,
Mixt with the Horſemen take diſorder'd flight;
Some legions moving to retire from fight
To *Juba's* Camp, and it to fortifie,
And finding that ſeiz'd by the enemy,
After the uſuall manner caſting downe
Their armes, they render a ſubmiſſion.
But all in vain; no ſafety at the hands
Of the enrag'd, and fierce Cæſarians.
(Oh ſhame of war!) could their ſubmiſſion get,
Although that *Cæſar* did himſelfe intreat,
Grieving that in his power it lay not then,
To ſave from death his wretched country men,
And by his ſpeech and actions did declare,
That he was then no part of civil war.
He cries aloud, Oh ſpare the yielding foe,
They are no longer foes, but Romans now:
You more than loſe your valour, and to me
Do purchaſe envy here, not victory:
They, that in conqueſts of ſo many lands
Ne'r diſobey'd his moſt ſevere commands,
Nor e'r refus'd what he would put them too,
In this alone their diſobedience ſhow

Now

Now his commands are good: all o'r the plain
Are *Scipio's* Souldiers miserably slain,
That, to this Tragedy compared, light
Were all the slaughters of the former fight.
And now the mourning fields with slaughter strow'd,
And cover'd o'r with horrid ruine, show'd
A full and perfect conquest was obtain'd,
That for the sword no further work remain'd;
When *Cæsar* Master of his highest hopes,
From the pursuit cals back his wearied troops,
And recompences with the wealthy spoils
Of Kings and Nations, their successfull toils.

Annotations to the third Book.

(a) Cæsar *having but a small force in Affrica and much troubled at the report of the great army of his enemies, that all King* Juba's *forces joined with* Scipio, *found help from an occasion little expected: for* (as Dion *relates it)* Publius Sittius *(if we may attribute it to* Sittius, *and not rather to fortune) brought unto* Cæsar *not onely a timely safety, but a great victory: this* Sittius *expelled before out of Italy, and joining to himselfe some other exiles, passed over into Mauritania; there obtaining an army from King* Bocchus, *he resolved to aid* Cæsar *in this warre; though he had neither received any benefits from him, nor was at all known to him; but because he heard that* Cæsar *was far from him, and could then give him no great help (for* Cæsar's *forces in Affrick were then but small) watching the time when King* Juba *drew his army out of his own Country, he invaded Numidia, and Getulia, another part of* Juba's *Kingdome, wasting and spoiling both the Countries; by which accident King* Juba *was forced to omit his expedition, and march back againe with the greater part of his forces to the rescue of his own Kingdome; for he had sent part of his strength to* Scipio *before; so that it*

it is certain if King Juba *by Fortune had not then been diverted from joyning with* Scipio, Cæsar *had not been able to have ſtood againſt their united forces, nor maintained himſelfe then in Affrica.* Dion lib. 43.

(b) *The Roman Armie remaining in Affrica, hearing that Spain was vexed with diſſentions and ſeditions, ſent hither* Cneius Pompeius *the eldeſt ſon of* Pompey *the Great, as thinking that he for his fathers ſake would bee received in Spain with greateſt honour; adviſing him, that when he had ſetled his affairs there, he ſhould march to Rome; and they themſelves intended with all their forces to meet him there, and make the war in Italy, this counſel was had while* Cæsar *as yet lingred in Ægypt according to* Dion lib. 42. *but* Hirtius *in his commentaries relates it after that time.*

(c) Cneius Pompeius *chid by* Cato, *and adviſed to go into Spain and raiſe forces, with thirtie ſhips of all ſorts, putting to Sea at Utica, ſailed to Mauritania, and entred the Kingdome of* King Bogud: *there ſetting his armie in ſhore, which conſiſted of about two thouſand ſlaves, and Freemen part armed and part unarmed, he marched toward the Town of Aſcurum; in which Town there was then a Garriſon of the Kings, the Garriſon ſuffering* Pompey *to paſſe quietely till he approched the very walls of the Town, ſallying out then, on the ſudden overcame them, and ſome they killed, ſome they forced into the Sea;* Pompey *himſelf with a few of his men getting to their Ships ſailed away, after which he never more arrived on the ſhore of Affrica. but went to the Balarick Iſland, and from thence to Spain,* comment. de bello Affricano.

The

The fourth booke.

The Argument of the fourth book.

To his imperial Zamah Juba *flies,*
And thence excludes, with Petreius *dies*
Amidst their banquets bleeding. Scipio *slain*
By his own hands, within the waterie main
Intombs himselfe: the death of Cato *fames*
Old Utica; Cæsar *laments, and blames*
His wilfull Fate; and from the Libyan coast
Is shipp'd for Rome with his victorious hoast.

But all the wrack, that Thapsus fields had made,
The fields could not containe; nor could so sad,
And great a ruin in such narrow bounds
Be circumscrib'd: the high Imperial wounds
Which there were given, in other regions bled,
And those great names, which from that battel fled,
As loath to mixe with vulgar Funerals,
Must bear the fame of their renowned fals
To other lands, least this great loss should be
In storie told as one calamitie.
With winged speed by nights obscuritie
From Thapsus *Juba* and *Petreius* flie,
To reach strong Zamah the Imperial seat
Of *Juba's* Realm, a Citie fair and great;
In which, when first the war began, he lay'd
His wealth, and deerest pledges had convey'd;

But

But now the gates were shut: the men deny'd
Their King an entrance; and with scoffs diride
His threats and prayers, for his changed Fate
Now gave them leave freely to shew their hate;
And all too late is *Juba* forc'd to see
The curs'd effects of former tyrannie.
O wretched state of Tyrants that ne'r see,
Untill their sight in vain and bootless be,
Their just esteem; nor ever till too late,
Can know what men deserve their love or hate.
In wretched times your friends are only known;
But when that knowledge comes, the power is gone,
Your State required, or revenge denies,
And fortune, but to grieve you, opes your eyes.
The King oppreſt with griefe, and fill'd with ire,
Unto the countrie Palace doth retire,
Not far from thence; with him *Petreius* goes,
And a small troup of Horſe; there they repoſe
Their warie bodies and vex'd minds, untill
A great reſolve their breaſts with comfort fill;
Then he commands his ſervants for to prepare
Forthwith a ſtately banquet, and with rare
And ſumptuous cates a full repaſt they take;
When thus King *Juba* to *Petreius* ſpake;
Roman thou ſeeſt how fortunes utmoſt ſpight
Purſues our actions, and hath 'reft us quite
Of any future hopes; nothing can be
Sadtie to us but *Cæſar's* clemencie.
But thou and I in all the Civil war
'Gainſt *Cæſar's* ſide, have been engag'd too far
To hope for mercie; which, I might have,
By all our gods' I ſhould diſdain to crave;
For love of *Pompey* I was *Cæſar's* foe,
And in the great'ſt extreame dare ſtill be ſo.
Had he prevailed, a welcome friend to Rome
With greateſt honour *Juba* might have come;

Nor

Nor shall she now behold me captive there
And led as *Syphax* and *Jugurtha* were, (power
Like slaves through her proud streets, to grace the
Of an insulting laurel'd Conquerour:
No let Rome rather hear how *Juba* dy'd,
Disdaining *Cæsar's* pietie, or his pride.
I do not want a Hand, a Heart, a Sword,
Or whatsoever else may death afford;
But do invite *Petreius* as my friend,
To share in this last act of fame, my end:
Our cause, our Fortunes are alike in all;
Then like our selves, brave Romans let us fall,
But use each others helpe: unsheath thy Sword,
And let our friendship strive who shall afford,
First freedom to his friend, love shall ingage
My valour against thee, as much as rage
Against a foe. *Petreius* draws his Sword,
And thus in short returns: brave Libyan Lord,
Worthy whom Rome with honour still should name,
To whom *Petreius* gladly ows his fame;
Nor (though a Roman Generall) do I
Blush to be taught by *Juba* how to die;
It was the Roman genius prompted thee
To this, lest Rome should be inforc'd to see,
That King a captive, and in triumph brought,
That had for her, her laws and freedom fought;
That had with *Scipio* and the Senate stood;
And thy disgrace prove *Cæsar's* conquest good
Against his Countrey; no great King, of thee
Rome still shall hold a dearer memorie;
With *Massaniſſah* shalt thou ranked stand,
When our sad Annals *Cæsar's* deeds shall brand,
And marke his partie with as black a stain
As *Catiline*, and his rebellious train.
The rest my Sword shall speak for me, and prove
How much thy freedom, and mine owne I love.

With

With that they both in equal furie meet,
And with such fierce assaults each other greet,
As who had seen the combat,might suppose
That,so much valour had not fought to lose,
But guard by conquest a desired life:
At last to end this hot dispiercing strife,
Juba a bootless conquest did obtain;
Under whose force was weak *Petreius* slain:
Keep in *(quoth Juba)* life awhile,and see
A life let out to bear thy companie:
If not,before thou cross the Stygian Lake,
My fleeting soul thy ghost shall overtake.
Farewel you fading glorie that attend
A Kingly state, too feeble to defend
Your proud possessours from the storms of Fate:
What rest upon the slipperie heights of State
Finds man? What stay on fortunes restless wheel
Oh treacherous Zaman,may thy false neck feel
Romes yoke as hard,as thou to thy true Lord
Disloyal prov'st; then falling on his sword.
From forth his strugling breast his Spirit flies,
And night eternal closes up his eyes.
But see,from Thapsus fatal overthrow
A nobler death drawes neer,Great *Scipio*
Romes General,that had so lately led
The Senates war 'gainst *Cæsar's* fortune fled
From that sad battel in a poor disguise,
And one small bark, the Seas of Libya tries,
To find from thence safe passage into Spain
Where *Pompey's* sons with all their strength remain,
But by a storm was driven into the Bay
Of Hippo,where the Ships of Sitius lay,
Left there in *Cæsar's* name to guard the coast,
Scipio perceives himselfe and Bark are lost,
The weather cross,cuts off all hope of flight:
The winds (quoth he) and Seas for *Cæsar* fight;

Why

Why did I scape the stormie main? Oh why
From Thapsus fatal battel did I flie,
And not in height of all mine honour fall,
Fighting for Rome to die her General;
Oh would Pharsalia's battel had destroy'd
This ill kept life, before that here imploy'd,
The Senats wrath with ill success I led,
And Affrick saw *Scipio* vanquished.
You noble Souls of my dead ancestours,
That hither oft have led the Roman powers
With glorious fame, as Carthages great fall,
As captive *Syphax*, vanquish'd *Hannibal*,
And saved Rome can witness blush not now
At this your Nephews hapless overthrow;
No Libyan forces, but the strength of Rome,
Has Rome in fetter, and *Scipio* overcome;
By her own strength subdu'd, with her I die,
To wait upon expiring liberty:
By this occasion Fate with kind intent,
To me necessitie of death is sent,
Lest I my freedome might perchance out live;
Nor could the gods a fairer boundie give.
Let *Pompey's* sons now trie their Fate, and gain
Our laws and State again, or lose in Spain
As much from Rome. As here in Affrick I,
Or their Great Father lost in Thessalie.
My course is run; and though this armed hand
Shall testifie I could have dyed by land,
The Ocean likes me best, within the main:
Unknown for ever *Scipio* shall remain.
Oh let my flaring carkas never com
To land, lest Affrick should bestow a Tomb,
And to her sons in after ages show
A monument of vanquish'd *Scipio*:
With that a Poniard in his hand he took,
And with a strength of arm so certain strook

His willing breast, that thence the gushing bloud,
Made on the Decks a crimson precious cloud:
But he, while yet his vital parts retain,
Some spirits, leaps into the curled main,
And her blew waves with purple staining, dies,
Unbury'd *Scipio's* noble bodie lies
Within the Seas deep bosom; th' Oceans frie
Devour the flesh of that brave familie
In which great Rome may make her fullest boast;
All her actions, all her fame were lost;
All those severall vertues, pietie,
True fortitude, admired constancie,
Impartial justice, frugal temperance,
That through the world her honour did advance,
In all names else had been forgot and gone,
In this renowned familie alone
All might be found, nor did the Roman fame
Ere shine more bright then in a *Scipio's* name:
Why did thy country want an urn for thee?
Ore which the peoples untaught pietie
Might truly mourn, and pay the teares they ow
Unto the ruin'd race of *Scipio*.

By this the flying companies, that were
From that sad battel scap'd, had every where
Fill'd Liby'as Town and with terrour and dismay:
In Utica the noble *Cato* lay
In Garison; who free from private fear,
Not for himselfe dismay'd at all, to hear
The fatal news of *Scipio* overthrown,
Exhorts his Souldiers to defend the Town,
Gainst *Cæsar's* entrie; but perceiving then,
In' astonishment, and faintness of his men,
He with the same unshaken constancie
Forgives their fear, and counsels them to flie;
Provides from all the neighbouring ports a fleet
Using his utmost diligence to get

Them safely all aboord, and timely gone,
Careful for every safetie but his own.
The Citizens of Utica he cheers
With hope of *Cæsar's* Clemencie, and cleers
All dismal clouds of fear and jealousies
That might within their fainting breasts arise;
And such to them with cheerful looks (although
Resovl'd to die) did *Cato* strive to show,
As if himselfe had not at all disdained
To beg, or take a life at *Cæsar's* hand.
He whose austerer vertue nere before
Had given him leave to hide, or colour ore
His least intention, whom no fear had taught
How to dissemble, or once swerve in ought
From his profest, and rigid path of right,
For love of death now plays the hypocrite.
Nights silent reign had robb'd the World of light
To lend, in lieu, a greater benefit,
Repose and sleep; when every mortal breast
Whom care or grief permitted, took their rest.
But *Cato's* breast was not alone set free
From perturbation and anxietie,
By vertues constant use, for soft repose
Or sleep, the common end, but to compose
And raise it selfe unto an act more high,
The contemplation of eternitie.
In contemplation the untroubled soul
Parts from the bodies bonds, free from controul
Of fleshly passions, by no cares distracted,
(Not as in sleep she does, to lie contracted
Within her self, and from all action cease)
But to imploy her purest faculties
At nobler distance, where no sense of sight,
Or outward organ can direct her flight;
There by her selfe the Soule can take survey
Of those high glorious bodies, which display

(Object

(Objects too bright for tense) in their own light
Some beames and glimpses of that infinite
Eternall essence, from whose fulnes they
Derive their beauties: there the Soul would stay,
Or wishes that from lets corporeal free
She might (what now she cannot) plainly see
Those formes; and does in that desire imply
Her own undoubted immortalitie.
But ere the mind of man can fitted be,
To search the depth of true Philosophie,
It must be purg'd by moral rules, and freed
From impious lusts, from vice of thought and deed.
And as a wise Physician ever gives
Before his medicines, clean preparatives;
So let no soul contemplate, till it be
Prepar'd and purg'd by sound moralitie.
First let it practise vertue here, before
With contemplations wings it dare to soar,
In search of that which is the perfect'st good
And height of all that can be understood;
Lest, as in Physick, the unpurg'd humours may
Distract the medicins working force; so they
Not purg'd from vices through false glasses see,
And oft deceiv'd in speculation be;
Unto thy selfe first moral Physick give,
And then securely be contemplative.
So cleans'd was *Cato*'s soul; and fit was he
For strictest precepts of Philosophie,
Since vertues paths, which rough to others seem,
Long use had made habitual to him.
To whom the Fates present, as now on high
His thoughts were soaring to eternity,
An Object fit; casting his eye aside,
Divinest *Platos Phædon* he espy'd.
Oh welcome booke sent from the Gods (quoth he)
To teach a dying man Philosophy;

And though thou canst not further, or controule
The resolution of my fixed soul,
Since Fate has doom'd my end, yet mayest thou give
Comfort to those few hours I have to live.
Mans soul immortall is; whilest here they live Plat.
The purest minds for perfect knowledge strive, Phæd.
Which is the knowledge of that glorious God,
From whom all life proceeds; in this abode
Of flesh, the Soul could never reach so high;
So reason tells us; if the Soul then dye,
When from the bodies bond she takes her flight,
Her unfulfill'd desire is frustrate quite,
And so bestow'd in vain: it follows then
The best desires unto the best of men,
The great Creator did in vain dispence;
Or else the Soul must live when gone from hence;
And if it live after the body fall,
What reason proves that it should dye at all?
Since, not compounded as the body is,
And mixt of ever-fighting contraries,
But one pure substance, like it self, and may
(By Reasons rules) subsist alone for aye
And though we yeild, that God, who did create,
Can, if he please, again annihilate
The soul; and nothing in that sense can be
Indissoluble, save the Deitie,
Yet souls, which in their nature did agree
So near with that shall ne'r dissolved be,
Till they at last their wished end attain,
And so immortal by th' selves remain.
True grounds (quoth he) divine Philosopher:
Else what were vertue, or true knowledge here
But waking dreams? Why more then beasts should we
Oblige our selves to Laws of piety,
Or curb our lusts? Or why should vertue be
Judg'd, by the the wisest, true felicity,

Before

Before wealth, honour, pleasure? Virtue here
Does not (alas,) so bountiful appear,
But poor, and wretched rather; nor is she
(Unless, which in this life we do not see,
Some fairer substance or true form she have)
Ought but an empty name, or Fortunes slave.
The wisest men are glad to dye; no fear
Of death, can touch a true Philosopher;
Death sets the soule at liberty, to flye,
And search the depth of that Divinity;
Which whilest imprison'd in the bodie here,
She cannot learn: a true Philosopher
Makes death his common practise, while he lives,
And every day by contemplation strives
To separate the soule, far as he can,
From off the body: what's the death of man
But separation of those two? Should he
That every day did strive in some degree
To gain this freedome, fear it at the time
When nature has alotted it to him?
Would birds incag'd, that with all motions trie
And seek all waies to gain their liberty,
The cage set ope refuse to flie from thence?
Nay more, have lovers in impatience
Forc'd out their lives, and violently fled
Into the other world to find their dead
Dear loves? And should the soul, which here below
Clos'd in the body, every day did woose,
And court that knowledge, which is perfect blis,
Refuse to go, and find it where it is,
Then when the gods have open'd her the way?
But here till then, the soul is bound to stay;
Nor must she leave her station, till that God
Do call her home, that gave her this abod.
Here *Cato* stopt, and prov'd this death (quoth he)
Unlawful then till rude necessity

Inforce a man to taſte it ? And muſt I
Wear this loath'd life, till *Cæſar* bid me die ?
Is not the fatall overthrow ſo late
In Thapſus fields, and ruin of the State,
Neceſſity of death enough for me ?
May I not think the gods in that decree
The death of *Cato* ? But muſt hold my hand
Expecting till the Conquerour command ?
And give more pow'r to him, whoſe lawleſſe might
Already has uſurp'd above his right ?
O begge for life, acknowledging him ſo
My Lord, whom juſtly I adjudg'd Romes foe ?
So ſave my life by ſinning, or elſe dye
With one ſin more, if mercy he deny ?
But this ſure hand ſhall ſave that hazard now.
Plato and all divineſt Lawes allow,
Rather then act a crime, a man ſhould dye.
Should I take life from *Cæſar's* clemency,
It would be judg'd by all (what e'r were meant)
I did approve of *Cæſar's* government.
How great a crime might mine example prove ?
How great a wrong to Rome, and all that love
Her Lawes and Liberties ? Great *Pompey's* ſons
That now do arm the Weſtern regions,
And for their Country yet intend to fight,
Might think themſelves excus'd if I ſubmit,
And from their juſteſt reſolution ſwerve,
When old free *Cato* were content to ſerve.
I'll try (ſince moſt aſſur'd the ſoules do live)
What lawes to us the other world will give :
For ſure the gods, 'mongſt ſoules departed hence,
'Twixt good and bad will put a difference.

Thoſe happy Soules, that while they lived here,
By pure and perfect contemplation were
Abſtracted from the body, that with true
Deſires did oft the heavenly beauties view,

Shall

Shall thither go, when they from hence are fled
To have their joys and knowledge perfected.
Within the heavens shall they for ever be
Since here with Heaven they made affinity.
But those dark Soules, which drowned in the flesh
Did never dream of future happiness,
That, while they lived here, believ'd, or lov'd
Nothing but what the bodies taste approv'd,
When they depart from hence, shall fear the sight
Of Heaven, nor dare t' approch that glorious light;
But wander still in dismal darknesse, neer
Their bodies, whom alone they loved here.
Those sad, and ghastly visions, which to sight
Of frighted people doe appear by night
About the Tombs and graves, where dead men lie,
Are such dark Soules condemn'd t' accompany,
Their bodies there; which Souls because they be
Ghosts and corporeal, men do therefore see.

How different shall the Soules condition be,
If this (quoth he) be true Philosophy,
As true it is, nor do I think it less,
If vertue be the way to happiness;
And that be vertue, which we men have thought,
What inbred reason to our Soules has taught
And laws commanded us; if such thou be
Ou vertu, *Cato* still has followed thee,
And never from thy hardest precepts swerv'd;
Ne're has this Soule the bodies pleasure serv'd.
What doubts can shake my long security,
But doubts, where fraility is, will ever be:
Farewel frail world; what here we cannot see
I go to find, clear truth and certaintie:
Then with a fatal stroke he pierc'd his breast:
At noise of which his servants vainly prest
In, to prevent the Fate; nor could they lend
Help to his life, but trouble to his end;

Who sadly shew'd, death could not be deny'd,
And rending wider his large wound, he dy'd;
The Citizens with honours did interre
That spotless mansion of a Soule so clear.
Cæsar from Thapsus neer secur'd from foes
By that ful conquest, to Uzzita goes,
With ease possessing there all *Scipio*'s store
Of corn and arms, and where the Sword before
Threaten'd his march, where horrid dangers lay
And ambushes, he now findes quiet way
To Adrumetum back; where he bestows
A cheerful pardon on his yeelding foes,
Since now all Affrick from his fears was free,
And Fortune had secur'd his clemencie.
Marching away to Uticа from thence
Humbly receiv'd by all the Citizens,
Who when solemniz'd *Cato*'s tunerall;
He sigh'd, and thus complain'd; Why did'st thou fall
Oh envious man? Rather than not deprive
Cæsar of honour, *Cato* could not live.
How sadly cruel hast thou been to me
A gainst thy self to wrong my clemencie?
And shew thy death a greater enemie,
Than all thy living power or arms, could be.
To kill my joys thou dy'st, choosing to be
Lamented rather then imbrac'd by me,
It is my sorrow not my love is sought,
What strange rewards have all my mercies got;
That greateſt Romans rather chuse to flie
To death it self, then to my clemencie?
So hapless *Pompey*, while he fled from me,
Durst rather trust th' Ægyptian treachetie,
And there to perish by ignoble hands
Than live with *Cæsar*, thinking barbarous lands
Better then Rome with us: but he again
Hop'd to repaire his strength; thou in disdain

Of

Of *Cæsar* dy'st; but yet my goodnesse shall
O'r-come thy envy, and quite frustrate all
Thy scope in death; I'll give all dues to thee;
Thy son in honour shall remain with me,
And to the world shall witnesse thou didst die
By thine owne envy, not my cruelty.
Then to his grace he takes th' inhabitants
Of Uttica, and for his armies wants
Commands provision, and, while there he staies,
The Cities wals, and fortresses surveys.
Walking not far from off the Town, he saw
Upon the sandy bank of Bagrada,
Which slowly there his muddy waves doth move,
(Within that Countrey rare) a stately grove
Not wide in circuit, where an awfull shade
The meeting boughs, exiling *Phœbus*, made:
That shady grove, whilst with a curious eie
Cæsar survey'd, he chanced to espy
Within a deep and vast descent of ground,
The jaws of *Tænarus*, that balefull bound
Twixt earth and hell, is not a blacker room;
To which, they say, the ghosts infernall come.
A cave there was, in which no cheering light
At all e'r peep'd; but sad and drery night;
A squalid filth, and mouldinesse had made,
From whence exhaled stinches did invade
The upper air; Whilst *Cæsar* in amaze,
Doth neerly view the horrour of the place,
His longing thoughts a Libyan standing by
(Taught by tradition) thus doth satisfie.
This den, Oh *Cæsar*, which for many a year
Hath empty stood, and freed the land from fear,
A monstrous Serpent, by Heavens vengeance bred
The plague of Affrick, once inhabited.
The earth a greater Monster never bare;
Nor *Hydra* might with this dire snake compare,

Nor

Nor that great Dragon whose ſtill waking eies
Medea charm'd, when Colcho's golden prize
The venturous *Jaſon* bore to Theſſaly,
Nor that, as great and watchfull too as he,
Whom great *Alcides* conquer'd to poſſeſſe
The glittering Orchard of th' *Heſperides*;
Nor, though the Sun that mighty *Pithon* ſlew,
Did e'r the Sun a greater Serpent view.
The ſeverall Snakes, that out of Libya's ſlime
Are bred, might all have been combin'd in him.
Nor could *Meduſa's* head, had all the blood
At one place fall'n, produce a greater brood.
A hundred els in length was his extent;
When he upon this ſide the river went,
With his long neck ſtretch'd out, what e'r he ſpi'd,
With eaſe he ſeazed from the other ſide.
With Lions here he fill'd his hungry maw,
That came to drink the ſtreams of Bagrada,
And fierceſt Tigers all beſmear'd with blood
Of cattell ſlain, became themſelves his food.
When firſt the Roman armies ſailing o'r,
And threatning Carthage on the Libyan ſhore
Were led by *Regulus*, whoſe tragick fall
Sadly renown'd the Spartan Generall,
Here then this hideous monſter did remain:
The army marching on yon ſpatious plain,
Three Roman ſouldiers, by ill fate drew neer
To quench their fiery thirſt, the river here,
And tempted by theſe ſhady trees, to ſhun
Awhile the ſcorching fury of the ſun,
Entring the wood, down to the ſtream they ſtoop,
And take in helmets the cool liquor up;
When ſuddenly ſurpriz'd with chilling feare,
A horrid hiſſing through the aire they hear,
And from the den the Serpents head appears,
At once amazing both their eies and eares.

What

What should they do? For help to call;
The Serpents hissing loud had filled all
The wood; nor strength nor hearts had they to fight,
Nor scarce did any hope apprear by flight.
Nor could their trembling hands the helmets hold;
When strait the Serpent from his scaly fold
Swet forth and seized one, who calling on
His fellowes names in vain, was swallow'd down
And buried in the Monsters hungry maw,
His horrid destiny when th' other saw,
They leap'd into the stream to save their lives:
But that (alas!) to them no safety gives:
For forth his long twin'd neck the Serpent stretch'd,
And swimming *Havens* in the river reach'd;
Who, though too late he strived to be drown'd
In Bagrada, a Fate more cruell found.
Marus at last, while *Havens* death did stay
The Monsters speed, had time to scape away;
And to th' amazed Generall relates
The Serpents greatnesse, and his fellowes fates,
But ere his faultring tongue had fully told
The Tragick story, they from far behold
The scaly Monster rowling on the sands
In spatious windings: *Regulus* commands
The army straight their piles and spears prepare
To charge and march against it as a war,
And ready all their battering engines make,
That strongest wals and bulwarks us'd to shake:
The Trumpets then as to a battell sound;
Which noise the serpent hearing, from the ground
Where he in spatious rings enfolded lay,
Aloft his head advances to survay
The Champion round, and to their eies appears,
Long as that Dragon 'twixt the heavenly Bears.
Fire from his threatning eies, like lightning, shot,
And Stygian blasts exhal'd from his dire throat;

While

While he advanc'd, you would suppose from far,
A moving Castle made offensive war:
And shooting forth he in a moment flew
Upon far distant faces; at whose view
The starting horses could no more be held
By bits, but snorting flew about the field;
Whilst this dire serpent sad massacres makes
Among the men, some 'twixt his jawes he takes,
And crushes there, some into aire he flings,
Who falling dye: and while his spatious rings
He does unfold with fury, sweeping round
The sands, he bears whole cohorts to the ground.
The army now gave ground, and 'gan retire,
When noble *Regulus* inflam'd with ire
To see that shame, cries out, On stand the field;
To Libyan Monsters shall Romes vertue yield?
If so, I singly will the combat try,
And expiating Romes dishonour dye.
Then all alone, devoid of feare he goes,
And his strong pile against the serpent throws
With well tane aime, whom not in vain he struck;
In his tough forehead the steel'd javling stuck.
The hideous Monster, whose long age before
Had ne'r felt steel, sent out a yelling roar,
And shooting forth, impatient of the wound,
With his long tail he lash'd the suffering ground.
A shout the souldiers raise, incourag'd now,
And altogether storms of javelins throw;
Some harmlesse lighting on his scaled back,
Such noise, as haile on tiled houses make;
Some pierce his breast, and softer belly wound;
Those parts alone they penetrable found.
Black gore from thence distains the swarthy sands;
At last two javelins sent from lucky hands
In both his fiery threatning eies did light,
Depriving him, though not of strength, of sight:

Whose

Whose yet blind rage drawes many a ruine on,
Untill at last a huge and massie stone,
Shot from a bulwark-battering engine, stroke
His bowed back with such great force, it broke
That many-jointed bone, nor then could he
Lift, as before, his speckled creſt on high;
But while he strugling lay upon the plain,
Another stone dash'd out his poisonous braine;
The sands discolour'd with black filth appeare,
And that so lately feared Serpent there,
Stretch'd out at length his baletull life expires;
His vast extent the Generall admires:
But straight a groan the mourning river gave,
And lesult noise the wood, and hollow cave
Resounded forth; the Naiades, that kept
Slow Bagrada, for their dead servant wept;
Nor did the Augurs then forbear to shew,
The Roman troops his death should dearly rew,
And *Regulus* become a captive prey
To his insulting foes; on whom (said they)
The Nymphs, and wrathfull Naiades would take,
That dire revenge for their slain Serpents sake.
Cæsar enough delighted to behold
The Cave, and pleas'd with what the Libyan told,
Returns to Utica; thence marching on
With speed through *Juba's* lost dominion,
Arrives at wealthy Zamah, Libya's pride,
Where late a powerfull Monarch did reside;
And hearing there of *Juba's* wretched fate,
Laments the frailty of mans highest state:
Then he commends the Citizens, and o'r
The Country leaves *Salustius* Governour,
Which from a Kingdomes state is now become,
A subject province to Imperiall Rome.
Then marches back to Utica again,
And launching forth his fleet into the main,

Sailing

Sailing by Sardos, on th' Italian coast,
He safe arrives with his victorious host.

Annotations upon the fourth Book.

Lucius Scipio, *Generall at Thapsus, perished at Sea by the report of all that write that story, but the manner of his death, as I have here related it, is to be found only in Appian, which I have read, that he first wounded himselfe with a Sword, and afterwards leaped into the Sea, as loth that his dead body should either suffer despight, or receive favour from his enemies.* App. lib. 2. de bello civili.

THE

The fifth Book.

The Argument of the fifth Book.

What unaccuſtom'd honours by decree
The Senate give to Cæſar's *victory.*
His four rich triumphs ſhew'd o'r Gallia,
conquer'd Pharnaces, Ægypt, Affrica.
Whoſe pompous ſhows diſplay the captiv'd fate
Of ſeverall Princes: Cæſars *high eſtate*
To throw into the hazard once again,
Great Pompey's *ſons revive the war in Spain.*

WHen *Cæſars* conqueſt born by winged fame,
Had enter'd Rome, & to the Senate came,
Th' affrighted Fathers in pale haſt declar'd
Their forced joy; and while the Prieſts prepar'd
For Sacrifice, officiouſly decreed,
(Though Rome it ſelfe in that daies fate did bleed)
That ſupplications to the gods ſhould be
Twice twenty daies for *Cæſar's* victory;
Through all the Roman Temples they invoke
The gods for him, and all their Altars ſmoak
With thankfull incenſe, more then when the fall
Of Carthages ſo feared *Hannibal,*
Or that defeat of all the Cymbrian powers
By *Marius* hand, that ſav'd Quirinus Towers,
Firſt pierc'd their joyfull eares; no vanquiſh'd foe
Ere caus'd ſuch ſeeming joy. Rome's forced now

To

To thank the gods for her subjection more,
Than all the greatnesse she had won before.
To that great triumph, which so long before,
His ten years labour had deserved, o'r
The conquer'd Gaules, and well deserv'd still now,
The forward Senate grant three triumphs moe,
T' expresse more pompous state than e'r before
The people saw, or lawrell'd Roman bore;
That all the severall vanquish'd nations
From East to West, from both the Poles at once,
By his triumphant Charriots might combine,
The yellow Germans with black Libyans joine,
Gauls with Armenians meet, the Sun-burn'd bands
Of Meroë with cold Pannonians,
The painted Britains, curl'd Sicambrians,
With coale-black Mibians, and Mazacians.
Those that at farthest distance never yet
Each other view'd, at *Cæsar's* triumph met,
Might there acquainted in sad bondage grow,
And waile in chains their common overthrow:
That the Imperiall Tyber might at once
All floods, that blesse so many regions,
In *Cæsar's* rich Triumphall tablets see
Displai'd, bewailing their captivity.
And bridled there by his proud conquest, join
Seven-channell'd Nilus with the German Rhine,
The swift Danubius with slow Bigrada;
And all those winding streams, which every way
From North to South into the Ocean roule
'Twixt farthest Thule, and Tritonia's poole;
From whence *Minerva* dain'd her name to take,
When first within the quiet Chrystall lake
Come down from Heaven, she view'd her virgin face,
Nor ever so did any triumph grace
Romes power (as this had done;) nor yet in all
Those former Baies which deckt the Capitoll,

If

If here her ſelfe no part at all had been
Of the ſubdu'd, had ſhe more glory ſeen.
But leaſt theſe honours ſhould not ſeem to be
Enough for *Cæſar* by a new decree
The Senatours, before he enter room,
Make him Dictatour for ten years to come,
And three years Cenſor; that it might be ſhown
How *Cæſar's* conquering power had o'rthrown
Their Liberties, together with the fall
Of barbarous Nations: In the Capitoll
He in a Chariot was advanc'd to ſit,
To *Jove* himſelfe directly oppoſite:
A Globe terreſtriall not far from thence,
Diſplay'd in ſhort the vaſt circumference
Of all the earth; on which his ſtatue trod,
With this inſcription, *He's a demy-god.*
Swell'd with the Senates flattering decrees,
And fortune of ſo many victories,
Does *Cæſar* now in pomp triumphant come,
His lofty Charriot through the ſtreets of Rome
By ſnow-white horſes drawn, more bright by far
Than thoſe tam'd Steeds, which in the Trojan war
From ſlaughter'd *Rheſus* tent *Tydides* took,
Before they drunk of Xanthus Chriſtall brook,
Or cropt the Trojan paſtures, a vain aid
To falling Ilion, the firſt night betrai'd.
Declare, ye ſiſters of the Theſpian ſpring,
(For you remember well, and well can ſing)
In thoſe four triumphs, which the people ſaw,
O'r Ægypt, Pontus, France, and Libya,
How many captiv'd people ſadly went
In habits, tongues, and viſage different,
Before Great *Cæſar's* Charriot, ſhewing there
With different geſtures their diſdain, or feare.
How many lands, and ſtately Cities there,
Diſplai'd in his triumphal tables were,

Where skiful hands had woven to delight
So many nations, several kinds of fight,
With his proud conquests, and successful toil;
By which were born the arms, and wealthy spoiles
Of vanquish'd Princes, Crowns of brutish'd gold
For all the wondring people to behold.
But if ye Muses in so high a State,
Disdain to mourn for each Plebeian Fate;
Yet pass not sleightly by that Princely Gaul,
Stout *Vercingetorix*, for whose great fall
Some hearts relented there; whose stubborn thought,
Could not at all in nine years war be taught
To brook with patience the proud yoke of Rome;
Who now reserv'd for death by *Cæsar's* doom;
Before the Chariot a chain'd Captive went,
Striving in vain t' orecome the discontent
Of that daies shame; and though his hands were ty'd,
Shaking his black curl'd locks, he fought to hide
His angry front, whil'st his undaunted look
Seem'd more to with, then fear deaths fatal stroke.
Another object, though unlike to this,
Yet fall'n alike from height of worldly bliss,
Mov'd the beholders hearts they earn'd to see,
The tender beauties of *Arsinoë*,
A virgin (a) branch of *Lagus* royal Stem,
That once had worn th' Ægyptian Diadem,
By fortune thrown into so low a state
Of bondage now; pitying her changed fate:
Those snow-white arms that did a Scepter hold,
(Oh, mock of Fortune) manacl'd in gold:
Although for her a gentler doom than death
Remain, and *Cæsar's* pitty spare her breath,
Or else his ends in love to store her back
Again to Ægypt for her sisters sake.
How much (alas,) had there her blood been spilt,
Had fortune ta'n from *Cleopatra's* guilt?

For

For all the favour, which t' *Arsinoë*
Rome show'd, repriv'd her but a while, to be
In after-times her sisters crime, and dye
By *Cleopatra's* foul impiety.
But that in Libya's triumph, which above
All other Objects might deserve to move
A just compassion (if true innocence
In misery may justly move the sense)
Was Young Prince *Juba*, led in chaines, the son
Of that great *Juba* whose dominion
From Mauritania's farthest Western end,
To Thera's sands so lately did extend:
Whose puissant hand a prouder Scepter bore,
Then ever Libyan Monarch did before.
This poor (*b*) young Prince by fortune seem'd to be
Brought as a spectacle of misery,
Depriv'd so lately of so many lands,
And ere, his years could act a crime, in bands.
But Oh (how blind are mortal eys?) that day
Of seeming woe first made the glorious way
To *Juba's* future happinesse; and he
Was far more blest in that captivity,
Then if his fathers greatness still had stood,
Train'd up at Rome he gain'd a truer good;
And freed from barbarisme, was taught to know
What Rome, or learned Athens could bestow;
Adorning so his mind, as wisest men
In every age admir'd his happy pen.
Both to grace his future prosperous raign,
(For great *Augustus* hand restor'd again
This captive *Juba* to a kingly Throne)
And sting name his histories have won,
And fame unto his native Libya give;
Where with himself those mention'd Kings shall live,
When brazen Monuments are eat with rust,
And Marble Columns time shall bruise to dust,

And had the Pontick King *(c)Pharnaces* been
In person there, and by the people seen,
That object well had ballanc'd with delight,
The others ruth; but he was scap'd by flight,
Whose absence one proud sentence must supply,
I came, and saw, and vanquish'd th' enemy.
But those sad stories, which the table show,
More then the living spectacles could do,
Affect the peoples hearts; for there (although
No vanquish'd Roman might a captive go)
The bleeding wounds of Rome it selfe are spread;
And each man there his own dear loss may read.
For mixt with forreign conquests, with the falls
Of barbarous Captains, Princes of the Gauls,
With dying *Iuba*, drowned *Ptolomy*
Those envious Tables to the eyes display
Domestick loss; and in sad figures tell,
By *Cæsar's* sword what vanquith'd Romans fell.
Here with King *Iuba* old *Petreius* dies,
Here slaughter'd *Sylla*, there *Affranius* lies:
There *Damasippus* and *Torquatus* fall;
And here (Oh woful sight!) Romes General,
The noble *Scipio* by his own hand slain
Falls bleeding down into the watry main;
And sinking leaves a noble crimson dye
On *Neptunes* face: but what true Roman eye
Refrain'd from tears, when he beheld the fall
Of matchless *Cato*, who in spight of all
His friends prevention, dy'd, and wider tore
With his own hands the wounds he made before;
Yet 'mongst so many woful stories shown,
One noble name was spar'd, one fate alone
Was thought too sad; nor to the peoples eye
Durst they present Great *Pompey's* tragedy,
For fear so great a sorrow might out-weigh
The pompous joyes of that triumphant day:

But that conceal'd, which moſt of all was ſought,
Remain'd more deeply fixt in every thought,
And they, without a picture can ſupply
Each part of his lamented hiſtory.
What tongue, what pen can at the height relate
Each ſumptuous part of that ſo envi'd State?
The publick feaſts, rare ſpectacles deviſ'd
And games by all the people exerciſ'd;
Who without number flock'd to do him grace:
When all the Senate from the Julian place
Waited him home, and ſeem'd not then to be
The worlds high Lords, but *Cæſar's* family.
And as they paſs, to guild their pompous way,
Numberleſs lights the Elephants diſplay
Upon their captive backs, and moving through
The ſtreets, like heavenly Conſtellations ſhow,
Like thoſe great beaſts, which in th' Horizon plac'd
Through every part with glorious ſtars are grac'd.
Nor in vain ſhows was this magnificence
Alone conſum'd, but real Monuments,
Which his great power to after-ages prais'd,
A ſtately Temple he to (*d*) *Venus* rais'd,
Or in devotion, or in pride to grace
That Deity from whom he drew his race,
That now the Paphian Queen by *Cæſar's* reign,
Might ſeem a truer conqueſt to obtain
Ore blew-ey'd *Pallas*, and the wife of *Iove*,
Than when they for the golden Apple ſtrove,
And *Paris* fatal judgement did beſtow
The prize on her to Iliums overthrow.
For Rome and all the conquer'd world far more,
Are forced now to honour and adore
Her name than theirs, ſo much it was to be
Th' original of *Cæſar's* pedegree,
More than the daughter, or the wife of *Iove*:
The Temples ſtructure in rare beauty ſtrove,

With what the height of fancy could expresse,
Or any pens most gracefull happinesse
Describe aright: upon the Walls did stand
In Parean marble wrought with curious hand,
That amorous story where the Phrygian boy
The beauty of a goddesse did enjoy:
The vale of Ida there was shadow'd such,
As Poets made it, Ida vale so much
Indebted to the Muses, seemed now
Unto a Painters hand as much to owe:
The bower of love was richly carved there
That happy bower and blisse and pleasure, where
Venus descended from the Christall skie,
To generate the Julian family;
Was as a Bride in all her glories led,
To fill with beauty young *Anchises* bed.
Neer these their noble Issue, in whose blood
A goddesse mixt with man, *Æneas* stood;
Such was his shape, so shone his cheerfull face
As young *Apollo's*, when he goes to grace
His native *Delos*, and in height of state
That Festivall intends to celebrate;
Or *Bacchus*, when from conquer'd India,
The yoked Tygers his proud Chariot draw,
To join *Æneas* whose fam'd history,
Great *Maro's* Muse did after raise as high,
As th' old *Maonian* did *Achilles* fame;
But that most pious posture more became
Æneas far, when at the fatall sack
Of Troy, he stoop'd, and on a willing back
Flying from thence, carri'd his aged Sire
From the Greeks Swords, and all devouring fire,
Together with his gods, whom he priz'd more
Than *Priam's* wealth, and all Troys burning store.
Behind was young *Iulus*, and did seem
With short unequall steps to follow him,

That

That Prince from whom the Julian family
Deriv'd their name, as well as pedigree,
Who the foundations of long Alba laid,
And o'r that land a powerfull Scepter swai'd,
By him the Scepter'd issues of his blood,
In their successive order carved stood;
Till Alba was destroy'd by *Tullus* doom,
And all her people were transfer'd to Rome;
From Alba's sack the pedigree went on,
And was deduced lineally down
To *Cæsars* time; in whose successe and reign
Alba had seem'd to conquer Rome again.
But into th' hazard once again to throw
A state so strong, so sure as *Cæsar's* now,
Seem'd to the world to be, a furious (e) war
More full of threats, of doubt and danger far
Than ever had as yet oppos'd his reign,
The two young *Pompeys* raise in farthest Spain,
There where the great *Alcides* pillars stand,
And proudly boast to bound the farthest land.
That part of Spain must prove the third sad stage
Of Civil war, and Romes selfe-wounding rage.
Those, that inhabit that far Western shore,
Vainly suppose that they alone, before
The setting Sun forsake this hemisphere,
Do view his face at neerer distance there
Than other men, than other countries can;
And that he fals into their Ocean,
As Poets taught; or else his lofty Sphere
Bowes down more near the Globe terrestriall there,
Because his beauteous Orb, before the set,
Unto their eies appear more large and great.
Those mistie fogs and vapours that arise
From that great Sea, which interposed lies,
Breaking diffuse the raies, from th' eies that went,
Or else enlarge the objects figure sent,

And make the setting Sun seem greater so,
As bright things largest in the water show:
Whence they scarce any twilight have at all,
Either at *Phabus* rising, or his fall;
Day breaks together with the rising Sun,
And day together with the set is done.
All Spain, in figure of a bullocks hide,
Is by the Ocean wash'd on every side,
And made almost an Isle, save where her ground
The Pyrenæan hils from France do bound:
From whose East end (for old description makes
Five sides of Spain) the first beginning takes,
And West-ward thence unto the Gades extends,
But by the way to South obliquely bends;
And is inviron'd by the mid-land seas,
Where stand those Ilands Balearides,
From whence *Metellus* took his famous stile,
Fair Ebulus, and that small snaky Isle.
The second side from Gades, (of small extent)
Is to the sacred promontory bent;
In which short space, two rivers, of no small
Account in Spain, into the Ocean fall,
Bætis and Anas; far their channels spread,
And from the silver mountains both take head:
Both their great channels do at last divide,
And make two Ilands by the Oceans side:
From thence the third side in a line extends,
And at the Nerian promontory ends,
From South directly North it goes; this bound
Of Spain doth Westward know no further ground:
That all along the boundless Ocean laves,
Thither the golden Tagus roules his waves,
Winding through Lusitania, and into
That Ocean doth in one great channell flow:
From thence the Northern side of Spain extends,
And at the Pyrenæan mountains ends,

Bounded

Bounded along by the Cantabrian Sea;
Within those shores the wildest Nations be
The barbarous Celtæ, rough Asturians,
And (those that name the Sea) Cantabrians:
But last of all, the fifth and North-east side
The Pyrenæi make, which do divide
Gallia from Spain, which by their wondrous height
Might seem to threat the skies, and once more fright
The gods with a Gigantick war: that side
Of those high mountains, which surveys the pride
Of wealthy France, doth bare and barren show,
Cloth'd with no grasse, no trees at all there grow:
The other side, which barren Spain o'r-sees,
Shews like a fruitfull Summer, cloth'd with trees,
Which never do their verdant colour lose:
And so to both th' adjacent Countries showes,
As if to cloth himselfe, he had robb'd Spain,
And lost his own, to make France rich again.
That lofty Mountain (if we trust to fame)
Did from the fair *Pyrene* take his name,
When great *Alcides* moved by the fame
Of King *Geryon*'s stately cattell, came
From Greece, to fetch that wealthy spoil away,
Entring the bounds of Spain, he there made stay.
King *Bebrix* then o'r all those mountains reign'd,
And there with feasts *Alcides* entertain'd:
The conquering guest by fate unhappy, spi'd
Pyrene daughter to the King; and fri'd
With inward flames; at last, while there he stai'd,
His charming words had won the roiall maid,
He vows his love still constant shall remain,
And when with conquests he returns again,
Espousall Rites: but cruel Fates deny,
And make *Alcides* slow in victory,
Too slow, alas, nor could the fight be try'd
Ere faire *Pyrene* miserably dy'd.

Her

Her swelling womb now 'gan the fact reveal,
Nor could she longer her stoln love conceale:
When fearing her stern fathers wrathfull spight,
Into the woods she takes a secret flight:
There all alone to caves and senslesse trees
Shee wailes her fate, and calls great *Hercules*,
Or false or slow; till some fell beasts that were
More savage than their kind, had seized her,
And whilest in vain, alas, she did implore
Her absent lover, her to pieces tore.
Seven times had *Cynthia* fill'd her wained light,
When he return'd with conquest from the fight;
And laden with *Geryons* wealthy spoils,
The recompence of his successefull toils,
Sought for *Pyrene*, but inforc'd to find
What oft before his sad misgiving mind
Made him suspect, distraught he with griefe and woes
Among the woods, and craggy hils he goes
In search of her, and with a mournfull sound,
Calls his *Pyrene*; all the hils rebound
Pyrene's name; the hils themselves did shake,
The savage beasts, and mountain-robbers quake,
No Tygers prey'd, nor Lions durst to move,
Whilst great *Alcides* sought his wretched Love.
But wandring through the solitary wood,
When he had found her limbs, and understood
Pyrene's wretched Fate, Oh Love, (quoth he)
'Twas my accursed absence murther'd thee:
What savage beasts durst this? What power above
Suffer'd so much against *Alcides* love?
Oh would *Geryons* spoils had all been lost,
And I ne'r stirr'd from this beloved coast:
Then gathering up those sad dear reliques, there
Within the mountains side he did interre
His Love and sorrow. This small Tombe (alas)
When times strong hand (quoth he) shall quite deface,
Thy

thy ſtate ſhall greater be, and time to come,
ſhall reckon all thoſe hils *Pyrene*'s Tomb:
The Fates conſented, and by laſting fame
Thoſe mountains ever bore *Pyrenes* name.
The two young *Pompey*'s with their powers, not far
from Gades now marching, meant to tear the war
In that rich Country, where faire Bætis flowes,
And on the region his own name beſtowes,
Though Turdetania, from the men that came
To plant in it, be yet another name.)
There they the tatall Munda do poſſeſſe,
A Town yet famous for their dire ſucceſs,
With other Towns not far, Ategua,
And Ucubis, and ſtately Corduba
That old Patritian Colony, whoſe name
The births of great and learned Romans fame:
The Turdetanian region may for rare
And wondrous gifts of nature well compare,
With any piece of earth; no other ſoil
Does more reward the induſtrious plough-mans toil
With rich increaſe; no other paſtures keep
More horned herds, more wealthy fleeced ſheep;
Thoſe many branches, which from Bætis flow,
Such wealth on all the neighbouring fields beſtow;
Whoſe yellow banks no leſſe then Tagus is,
Are ſtor'd with metals of the higheſt price
In every place; more gold no barren ground
Affords, then in that wealthy glebe is found:
Which nature ſeldome does together give;
And happy might the Turdetanians live,
But that their Country too too happy is,
And on their conqueſt ſets too high a price,
Their wealthy grounds are oft the ſeat of war,
And prey to every powerfull conquerour:
There Rome and Carthage fought, and did maintain
Their rivall forces with the wealth that Spain

Afforded

Afforded there, while fortune doubted yet
Which land to make the worlds Imperiall seat.
When like to Titius fruitfull liver, they
Sustain'd those birds, to whom they were a prey;
And suffering Spain by those great factions rent,
That vulture fed which did it selfe torment;
Nor lies the gold of that rich region
Deep in the bowels of the earth alone,
Thence to be digg'd up with a toile as great
As is the value; there they need not sweat
In gathering wealth, nor need they far to flie
From day, or threaten Pluto's Monarchy
With their deep labours; the rich metal's found
Upon the glistering surface of the ground,
And lies on rivers banks, commixt with sand,
Or else with dust upon the drier land,
And mountains tops: what reason can be found
Should so enrich the upper part of ground
Unlesse you trust a tale? When *Phaëton*
Did erst misguide the Charriot of the Sun,
And scorch'd the earth; the nature then of all
These grounds Sulphureous was, and Minerall;
The metals melted by the Sun, fry'd up,
And so with ease are gather'd at the top.
To *Pompey's* army, while they there remain,
The severall Nations from all parts of Spain
(Besides those scattered troops from Thapsus fled,
Which *Labienus* there and *Varus* led)
Adjoin themselves; the fierce Cantabrians,
That think it base to yield to Natures hands
Their lives, as if bestow'd for war alone;
Gallecians skill'd in Divination;
The Callaicians too, whose men intend
Nothing but war, and still in rapine spend
Their vent'rous lives, using the womens hands
To all workes else, to sow and plough the lands:

From

From old Ilerda, that ſo lately try'd
Romes Civill wars, comes aid to *Pompey*'s ſide:
From Minius bankes come bold Aſturians,
From golden Tagus Luſitanians;
Fierce Ceretans, *Alcides* Souldiers,
The light arm'd Vaſcon, that no helmet wears:
And Concani, that in their drink expreſſe
Themſelves deriv'd from wild Maſſagetes,
Their greateſt thirſt with horſes blood they ſlake.
The Celtiberians, that mixt birth did take
From Gauls and Spaniards; who do ever burn
Their friends dead bodies, and extreamly mourn
(Accounting it the worſt unhappineſſe)
If Wolves or Vultures their dead limbs ſhould ſeize.
From Suero's banks come Hedetan ſupplies,
And from the lofty towers of Stabis:
The Vettones, the Oretanians too,
And th' enſignes of Parnaſſian Caſtulo,
With all the Spaniſh Nations elſe, whom love
Of old dead *Pompey* to the war did move.

Annotations upon the fifth Book.

(a) *This* Arſinoë, *which had in the tumult of Ægypt been ſaluted Queen by the Souldiers (as was before declared) and afterwards by* Cæſar *apprehended, and here led in triumph (according to* Dion*) and releaſed at the ſuit of her ſiſter* Cleopatra, *then Queen of Ægypt, was afterwards murthered by the ſame* Cleopatra *(as* Joſephus *reports) for* Cleopatra *in the time of* Marcus Antonius *the Triumvir, did by her cruelty extinguiſh the roiall blood of the* Ptolomeys, *and impatient of any that might afterwards prove rivals to her in that government, did not only poiſon young* Ptolomey *her brother, whom* Cæſar *had made her husband, but cauſed her ſiſter* Arſinoë *to be murdered as ſhe was at her Devotion in the Temple.* Joſeph. l. 15, de antiq.

(b) *This*

(b) *This* Juba (*saith* Plutarch) *was happy in his captivity, and losse of his so great an inheritance; for at Rome he obtained happy education and instead of a barbarous Prince, became a learned and judicious writer: he is mentioned by divers of those ages; he wrote Commentaries of the Lybian Kings, and divers observations of his own times; he was industrious in the study of naturall Philosophy, and searching the natures of herbs and plants; he was the first that found out the vertues and malignity of the herb Euphorbium, and called it by the name of his chief Physitian: he served* Augustus Cæsar *in his wars against* Marcus Antonius, *and was afterwards by his bounty restored to a Crown (though not to all the Dominions of his father) and married* Cleopatra *the daughter of* M. Antonius *&* Cleopatra *Strab l. 17*

(c) Pharnaces *had escaped by slight, and was slain by* Asander, *who rebelled against him, to whom he had committed the government of Bosphorus in his absence: so that his Person was not led in triumph; the conquest of* Pharnaces (*saith* Dion) *though it were not glorious by reason it was so easily obtained, yet* Cæsar *much glorted in it by reason of the speed, and that he might carry those three words in Triumph,* Veni, vidi, vici. Dion. lib. 42.

(d) Cæsar *was especially magnificent in doing honour* (*saith* Dion) *to* Venus, *whom he accounted, and desired to have it generally believed, the originall of his pedigree; from her also (as* Appian *reports) he would glory that he had received beauty of body, she being the Queen of Love and Beauty.*

(e) Cæsar *after all these triumphs, and assurances of greatnesse was yet threatned by a third war in Spain; a war* (*saith* Dion) *not to be contemned; nay, far greater and more full of danger than all his former wars: the battell of Munda* (*saith* Florus) *for fury, slaughter, and cruelty as much exceeded Thapsus, as Thapsus did Pharsalia, &c.*

THE

The sixth Book.

The Argument of the sixth Booke.

Varus *by* Didius *on the stormie main*
Is vanquished: Cæsar *arrives in Spain,*
And raises Pompey's *siege from* Ulia's *walls;*
He takes Ategua: *both generals*
Remov'd from thence, the war to Mundo *bear:*
Cæsar's *despaire; his mens unusual fear;*
A bloudy conquest they at last obtain,
Young Pompey, Varus, Labienus *slain.*

BUt ere the Trigick war arriv'd in Spain,
And did with bloud the continent distain,
The Ocean bore it, and was first the stage
Of this third furie, and revived rage;
There where th' extended Libyan coast doth meet,
Almost with Spains Tartessus, *Varus* Fleet
Guarded the straightned Sea in *Pompey's* name;
Thither of *Cæsar Didius* Navy came,
Two shores their furie at neer distance saw,
Fearing to whether land the war would draw;
But Affrick bled before; what did remain
Of Romes dissentions Fates decreed to Spain;
That narrow point of Sea on all four sides
Great lands from lands, great Seas from Seas divides,
In breadth th' Libyan continent and Spain,
In length th' Iberian and great Western main.

The

The Navies scarce their furious fight began,
When all in waves the threatning Ocean
Swell'd up; and they encounter'd from the Sea
As great a danger as the war could be.
The Southern wind from Tingitania blows;
And from the Western Ocean *Corus* rose;
Fierce *Boreas* met them forth the Spanish coast,
And now the Sea on every side was tost,
Their several waves the different winds did move,
As if that *Æolus* and *Neptune* strove
A war so sad and wicked to prevent,
Or drown both Fleets while they were innocent.
But greater was their dire desire to fight
Then was the Oceans rage, or winds despight:
To impious war through stormes as rough they go
As would the greediest venturing Merchant do
For Parma's wealthy fleeces, Spains rich ore,
Or highest gemmes from the Ærythræan shore.
But when no space almost at all divides
Both eager Fleets, the rowers take their sides,
Tugge at the oar, and (though the Ocean raves)
With armes unweary'd cut the curled waves;
The horrid showting of the Souldiers drown'd
All noise of rowing and shrill Trumpets sound,
Yet all these sounds, and all the noise of war
The winds, and louder stormes out-roared far,
With which, and Darts, the air is darkned round;
Ships against Ships, beaks meeting beaks resound;
Some by their own indeavours meet their foes
Others the wind and stormy Seas expose
Before they thought, to trial of the war,
Dashing together with more furie far
The adverse ships, than else they would have met;
Now grew the horrour and confusion great;
Their fears were different; some, while others fought,
Repair'd those ruins which the storm had wrought.

And

And stopp'd their leaking Ships, preventing so
The certain danger of a neerer foe :
Nor could stout *Didius* now his Souldiers cheer,
Or guide his Fleet ; the tempest every where
Is onely heard ; but leaving his commands
Puts all into the winds and fortunes hands ;
No more could *Varus* for young *Pompey* do :
Guided by chance against each other go ;
Th' amazed Fleets ; some vessels sides bor'd through
By sharp and brazen stems ; nor do they know
Surely to whom they do their ruin ow,
Whether the weathers furie or the foe.
Nor did confusion of all sounds affright
The ears alone; but through that horrid night
Wch shower-black clouds, & skies tempestuous brought
With no small terrour the wing'd lightning shot :
No other light to them the day could give ;
No other fire in such a storm could live.
Some ships now almost taken by the foes,
The Swelling Sea with violence o'r throws,
And vindicates their honour from surprize ;
Some sink, when boorded by the enemies,
Drowning the victors, and the vanquish'd see
A quick revenge of their captivitie.
Fortune did seem against both sides to fight
A while, and wreak in common her despight,
But long it held not ; She at last decided
The day, and shew'd for whom she had provided
So great a labour of the troubled Main ;
And *Cæsar*'s forces a full conquest gain :
Though *Didius* blush it should be thought that he
Ow'd to such aids as those the victorie.
Varus perceives the Fates themselves conspire
On *Cæsar*'s side, and forced to retire :
When now he saw part of his hapless powers
Orewhelm'd, part seized by the conquerours,

With his poor remnant flies, and gets into
Carteias harbour; thence by land to go
To *Pompey's* Camp; *Pompey* at Ulla stay'd,
And siege in vain to that strong Citie lay'd.
Cæsar with more than his accustom'd speed
(By which his great designes did still succeed)
Hasts to the war in Spain, and gone from Rome,
Inseventeen dayes was to Sagunthus come,
That true Sagunthus, whose so Tragick fall
Did once upbraid the Heavens, and envie call
Upon their justice, till the offenders fate,
And final ruin of the Punicke state
Absolv'd the gods again; with Chrystal waves
The Cities Western side fair Durias laves,
Clothing with verdant grass th' adjoyning plain,
And gently slides into the Iberian Main.
His quick arival, unexpected there,
With sudden joy did all the Souldiers cheer:
With speed as great from thence he marches on
Thorough the Celtiberian region,
Not Durias stream nor mount Idubeda,
Nor Sucro's rapid flood his course could stay,
Nor that high glittering Mountain, that for fame
Of his great wealth retaines the silver name;
From whose descent rich Bætis takes his head;
Along the shore of Bætis *Cæsar* led
His cheerful Souldiers on to Corduba;
Either to take that wealthy Town, or draw
Pompey from Ulla's siege; the first in vain
Cæsar assay'd, the last he did obtain:
For *Pompey* straight, although within the Town
His brother *Sextus* lay in Garrison,
Abandons Ulla, and 'gainst *Cæsar* goes,
Who from the walls, of Corduba arose
Before his foes approch, loth there to trie
The utmost hazard of a war so high.

But passing thence ore Salsus stream, does lay
With more success, siege to Ategua,
And winnes the Town, maugre the feeble aid
Munatius brought: but there while *Cæsar* stay'd
A fair ostent the Gods were pleas'd to shew,
A towring eagle long ore *Cæsar* flew
Till seeming wearie, with a fair descent
It gently pearch'd on young *Octavius* tent,
Who follow'd then his Father to the war
A good presage the augurs all declare,
And not alone to shew the wars success,
But young *Octavius* future happiness:
But not so soone, alas, could they foresee
The full effect of this fair augurie:
How many civil wounds did yet remain
Ere Rome with patience brook a *Cæsar's* reign,
And for her safetie be inforc'd to flie
To great *Augustus* happy Monarchie;
For thee, great Prince, and thy insuing State
Was Rome oppress, and *Julius* fortunate;
For thee were *Marius* crimes and *Sylla's* wrought:
For thee was Thapsus and Pharsalia fought
That Rome in those dire Tragedies might see
What horrid dangers follow'd libertie:
And thou at last a welcome conqueror,
Might'st those high titles without envie wear,
Which mightie *Iulius* with a toil so great,
With so much bloud and envie striv'd to get,
Thou then anew that powerful State shalt mould,
And long the worlds high Scepter safely hold
Above all Rivals plac'd; thy god like State
No force shall shake; when shuting *Ianus* gate,
Thou shalt see ope the sacred Thespian spring,
And there securely hear the Muses sing,
Whose stately lays still keep thy deathlesse fame,
And make immortal Great *Augustus* name:

Nor ever did the Arts so truly reign,
Nor sung the Muses in so pure a strain
As then they did, to grace thy glorious time;
As if the Muse before lack'd power to clime,
Or else disdain'd her highest notes to raise,
Till such a Monarch liv'd to give the Bayes.
Griev'd for Ategua's loss, and fearing now
That other Towns would following Fortune, go
To *Cæsar's* partie, and his cause forsake
Pompey resolves with all his strength to make
A speedie trial of a war so great,
And on one hazard his whole Fortune set.
To Munda's fatal fields was *Cæsar* gone;
Th ither young *Pompey's* armie marches on:
The Town was his: and neer the Town arose
An high and spatious hill: where *Pompey* chose
T' encampe his men; from whence he might survay
The plains below where *Cæsar's* armie lay.
No prodigies forespake the black event
Of that daies wondrous battel, no ostent
At all was show'd from seas, earth, air, or skies,
No entrails spake, no birds gave auguries:
Those sad portents, that us'd to strike a fear
At other times in men, were spared there.
Yet were their fears far greater; they suspect
The silence of the Gods, loth to detect
So great a ruin as did then ensue;
Horrour invades their brests; although they know
No cause from whence those strange amazments grow.
No outward signes appear'd, their threatnings now
Were inward all; they make by sad surmise
Within themselves a thousand prodigies.
In *Pompey's* camp th' amazed Souldiers
Sad silence kept, distraught 't twixt desp'rate fears,
And Tragick hopes; pale horrour to their eyes
Seems to present the future Tragedies,

And

And the dear ghosts of slaughter'd friends appear;
Yet know not they whether themselves should fear,
Or hope their hands should make th' ensuing Fate.
On one side *Cæsar's* Fortune does abate
Their confidence too much; on t'other they
Resolve, overcome, not to outslive the day;
But (Oh strange fate,) the bold Cæsarians,
Grow faint and heartless; and those active hands,
That had so often drawn their Countries bloud,
And 'gainst all Laws for *Cæsar's* fortune stood;
That had before to their successful toils,
Promis'd the Worlds sole sway, and wealthy spoiles
Of every nation, quake, and faulter here,
Nor from each other can conceal their fear.
How dear this field would cost, what 't was to go
Against the furie of a desperate foe,
Their trembling thoughts revolve, nor to their friends
Shame they to utter it; those daunteless minds,
That met with joy Pharsalia's dreadful day,
Those that at Thapsus battel could not stay
The Generals command; preventing there
The signal, now both fight and signal fear.
But that the fear, which did his camp invade
Might not seem strange, *Cæsar* himselfe was sad
Before the battel, and that cheerful look,
That usual vigour, whence his Souldiers took
Happie presages still, was changed there;
Nor did his wonted confidence appear;
Perhaps revolving the uncertain Fate
Of things, and fralitie of man's highest state,
And now unceasant storms do beat upon
The loftie Cedars, learns to fear his own
By others mightie falls so lately wrought;
Or fortune else presenting to his thought
Her many favours, and his long success,
He weight'd the time of *Pompey's* happiness,

Who in her favour claim'd as great a share
As he could now, before Pharsalia's war.
That he arrived now as high in State
As *Pompey* was; might feare Great *Pompeys* fate:
Whose fall (though wrought for him) had let him see
Fortunes great power, and strange unconstancy:
But left his sadnesse should too much dismay
The Souldiers hearts before so great a day,
He recollects himselfe, and with fain'd chear,
And forced looks, taught to dissemble feare,
Thus to his army speaks; Victorious troops,
On whose known valour more then *Cæsars* hopes,
His certain State depends, see here in Spain
This tainting *Hydra* yet shoots forth again
His last weak heads; let that Herculean might,
That lopt the first, and strongest off in fight,
Make perfect your great labour, which requires
The last hand here: ot all your large desires
You are free masters, when this field is fought,
Though all the world for fresh supplies were sought,
In Fortunes power it lies not to expose
Your quiet State again, or find you foes.
But what are these that once again should dare
Molest our peace with unexpected war?
What can these barbarous half-arm'd Nations do?
Or what unfain'd affection can they ow
To *Pompeys* side? or do they fear his name,
And have not heard enough of *Cæsars* fame?
Have not the wars by old Ilerda taught
Our strength to Spain? what Roman powers are brought
Thither, but young raw Souldiers, and unskill'd
In Militarie arts, that ne'r beheld
A foe before? and those poor few that know
The war, are such as have been beat by you;
And bring more fear then help unto their side,
Will *Varus* troops your well-known strength abide?

Or

)r that so often vanquish'd runnagate
alse *Labienus*, long maintein the fate
)f his young Generall? Brave souldiers on,
erfect that work that is so neerly done.
lis speech no shouts, no acclamation finds,
Nor could it raise their sad dejected minds:
ind though, the signall given, all Trumpets sound,
ind *Pompeys* Army from the upper ground
Make down to charge, the cold Cæsarians
Dare not approach, nor follow the commands
Of their great Generall; when *Cæsar* fill'd
With griefe and rage, seizing a Spear and Shield;
This day quoth he (no more my Souldiers)
Shall end the life of *Cæsar*, and your wars;
Remember whom you leave; then forth he flies
Alone to charge th' amazed enemies;
Who, till their wonder was expell'd by hopes,
A while made stand; at last from all the troops,
Gainst *Cæsars* head whole storms of Javelins come;
Some in his shield he does receive, and some
Avoids, declining of his body down;
Till shame, not courage brought his souldiers on
To save their Generall; and 'gainst the foe
They do begin a fight so (*a*) furious now,
As if with this new rage they would appear
To recompence their ignominious (*b*) feare.
Th' auxiliary troops on either side
Gave backe, and left the battel to be try'd
By none but Roman hands; who man to man
And foot to foot a constant fight began
With so great horrour, as who had beheld
Pharsalia's fight, or Thapsus bloody field
Would have esteem'd those furies light, and thought
He ne'r saw war till Munda's field was fought.
Both Generals alike 'twixt hope and fear,
With needlesse speeches their fierce Souldiers chear,

Till wearied with the toil they both retire,
And from two little hils behold the dire
Encounter of their men; when *Cæsars* eyes,
That dry, had view'd whole Nations Tragedies,
Began to melt; and whilest bright victory,
O'r both the armies hover'd doubtfully,
Cæsar and *Pompey* had forgot their hopes,
And only pitied their engaged troops,
Fearing both armies in the place would die,
And leave no conqueſt, but one Tragedy.
A balefull ſilence on the ſudden then
Poſſeſt the field; no ſhowts of fighting men
Were heard; as if they labour'd to keep in
Their ſpirits for action; hands alone were ſeen
To move, and write in bloody Characters
Their deep reſolves: young *Pompeys* ſouldiers
Beyond this day diſdain to hope at all;
And *Cæſars* men promiſe, in *Pompeys* fall
To all their toils a rich and quiet cloſe,
And that the world no more can find them foes:
At laſt the battels fortune ſeem'd to lean
To *Pompeys* ſide, and *Cæſars* fainting men
Gave back apace, nor ſcarce with all their might
Could the Centurions ſtay their open flight:
When *Cæſar* arm'd with high deſpaire, preparing
The fatall Ponyard which he wore, and baring
His manly breaſt, thus ſpeaks; Oh Fortune, now
I ſee thou wants not power to overthrow
What e'r thou build'ſt: but I accuſe not thee;
Enough already haſt thou done for me:
Enough have thy tranſcendent favours grac'd
My lives whole courſe: ſhouldſt thou not change at laſt,
Perhaps the erring world might cenſure me
More then a man, and thee no Deity:
That ſo long have thy high favours known,
Can thus ſecurely entertaine thy frown.

There

There had he dy'd; but as kind mothers do
Oft let their children neer to dangers go,
That then, when they perceive them most afraid;
They may the more indear their timely aid:
So Fortune finds an unexpected way
To save his fate; whileſt yet his men made ſtay
And kept the field, King *Bogud* that without
The battell ſtood, wheels ſuddenly about
To ſeize young *Pompeys* Camp; which to prevent,
Leaving his ſtation, *Labienus* went,
And with him drew five cohorts from the fight:
Which action chang'd the battels fortune quite;
Whileſt hapleſſe errour through both armies flew,
And *Pompeys* battell ſuddenly o'rthrew;
For miſconceit that *Labienus* fled
Had quite diſheartned his own ſide, and bred
In *Cæſars* ſouldiers moſt aſſured hopes:
Nor could young *Pompey* ſtay his flying troops,
Too late alas it was to make them know
What hapleſſe errour caus'd their overthrow;
For routed once o'r all the field they flye
A prey to the purſuing enemy.
Unhappy *Attius Varus*, where he ſtood
Environ'd round with carcaſſes and blood;
Varus, that twice before a war had led
'Gainſt *Cæſars* fortune, and twice vanquiſhed:
When he had labour'd long in vain to ſtay
His flying men, loth to out-live the day,
Or longer keep that often conquer'd breath,
Now ruſhes boldly on to find a death
A mid'ſt the thickeſt of his enemies,
And gladly there on all their weapons dies.
But when (alas) ſad *Labienus* view'd
How great and ſwift a ruine had enſu'd
Upon his hapleſſe action, curſing Fate,
And his own dire misfortune, too too late

S[illegible]

Seeking to ralley his disorder'd troops,
He cries, 'tis I that have undone the hopes
Of wretched Rome; 'tis I have lost the day:
Through this dire breast take your revenging way,
And expiate this fatall overthrow,
Or *Cæsar's* swords shall take revenge for you:
Then (like a Lion in Lyon round beset,
Arm'd with a high despair, and rage as great)
Careless of wounds or weapons forth he goes
To sell a loathed life dear to his foes:
Till by a thousand swords at last he dies,
And to the shades his angry spirit flies.

Pompey perceives his army overthrown,
And now the losse irreparable grown,
And though he see no cause that should invite
Him to out-live the fury of the fight,
His own fresh youth perswades him t' entertain
A future hope to raise his state again:
High mounted on a Spanish Steed, he flies
(Leaving in field his routed companies)
With speed, Carteia's harbour to attain,
And sail from thence, but to disastrous Spain.
Stern Fates the death of this young man decree;
And he ere long the selfe-same destiny
Forc'd to endure on Spains unhappy ground,
That his great Father in false Ægypt found.

His brother (c) *Sextus* scap'd from that sad day
Fortune long hides in Celtiberia
To raise his State again, again to breath
Fresh war and ruine after *Cæsar's* death,
And once again with faction rend the State
In that sad time of Romes Triumvirate.

The fight was done, and nothing now ensu'd
But impious rage, and murder, the pursu'd
To *Pompeys* Camp and Munda's wals (alas)
For refuge fled, but vain that refuge was.

So

horrid now was the Cælarians rage,
hat neither pity could their heat asswage,
or strength defend their wretched enemies
rom their dire force, on every side the cries
nd groans of dying men are heard alone:
Never so savage cruelty was shown
gainst the worst of forreign foes, as then
he vanquish'd felt from their own Countreymen:
Which most appear'd, when to surprize the Town
A thing amongst Barbarians never known)
The works they rais'd against it to maintain
The siege, were carcasses of Romanes slain.
Cæsar, that here before did truly see
How hard it was to gain a victory,
Since fortune still his wish with ease had wrought,
And he for glory, not for life had fought,
Till Munda's field) recounts what he had left,
Grieving to find what this last conquest cost;
He sometimes wail'd his own slain Souldiers then,
Sometimes the slaughter'd foes, as Countreymen,
And wishes some, to whom he now might show
His mercy, had surviv'd the overthrow;
And almost taxes fortune, who that day
Had wrought his ends by such an envy'd way.
Never till now did *Cæsars* pensive breast,
Truly revolve how tragicall the best
Successe will be that Civill war affords,
And how deep wounds his sadly conquering swords
Had made in th' entrails of afflicted Rome.
Now Thapsus battell, now Pharsalia come
Into his sad remembrance; and almost
He wishes all his triumphs had been lost,
Rather then with such horrid slaughter won,
And that he ne'r had crossed Rubicon:
Scarce can the glories, that it brings, out-weigh
The inward sorrow for so black a day.

While

While thus Great *Cæsars* troubled thoughts were
Cenonius enters and presents the head (led,
Of Noble *Pompey*, whose now piti'd state
Call'd to remembrance his great Fathers fate,
In treacherous Ægypt; and no lesse than his
Inforced tears of ruth from *Cæsars* eies.
How did he dye (quoth he) relate to us
His tragedy: when thus *Cenonius*; (troops
When Munda's fields strew'd with his slaughter'd
Young *Pompey* saw, and void of present hopes,
Fled to Carteia, to embark from thence
For forreign coasts, fearing the Citizens
And our pursuit, he left the Town again,
And quite bereft of all his scattered train,
Wounded and lame, retir'd into a wood,
That not far distant from Carteia stood,
Hoping the covert of that shady place
A while might yield him shelter from the chace.
We enter'd in, and long the wood survai'd
With curious eies, and long in vain we strai'd:
But far within, a spreading Beech there stood,
Where weari'd now, and faint through losse of blood,
Alone he sate; he that had fought so late
'Gainst thee, O *Cæsar*, with long doubtfull fate;
He whom so many Roman legions
Did lately guard, so many nations
Obey'd and serv'd, now all forsaken sate
A sad example of mans frail estate.
When I approaching bad him yield to me
In *Cæsars* name: never alive (quoth he)
Let *Cæsar* see my head, for ne'r can that
Be my disgrace that was my fathers fate,
By this unhappy token let him know
The heir of *Pompey*, and perceive a foe
That might have proved worthy of his fear,
So let me go to him rather then beare

A

A conquerours disdaine, or blushing be
The Pitty'd subject of an enemy;
Nor shall you find, I prize, so cheap a life
(Though vanquished) as without any strife
To send it him: then with a courage high
Above his strength, above the misery
Of his forsaken state, amongst us all
He flies; or to prevent, or fell his fall
Dear as he could; alas, for victory
Fortune forbid him hope; nor did it lie
Within the power of his unwilling foes,
To save that life which he resolv'd to lose.
But meeting wounds away at last it fled.
Cæsar, with sighs, beholds the noble head,
Pitying his fall, and bids *Cetronius* bear
It thence to find the body, and interre
Them both in such a manner, as became
Th' unhappy ruines of so great a name.
And thence, secur'd from fears, marches away
By Bætis stream, to stately Corduba,
Now the Herculian Gades, faire Hispalis,
Munda, so lately fatall, Ucubis,
Astegua, and all the other Towns
Which fence the wealthy Bætick Regions,
Breath nought but peace, nor longer to oppose
Cæsars prevailing fortune, harbour foes.
Nor do these only their subjection yield
To *Cæsar*, but the fartheſt, the most wild,
And savage nations, rough Asturians,
Fierce Callaicians, bold Cantabrians
From all the fartheſt distant shores of Spain
Do humbly sue his favour to obtain:
The love they bare to *Pompeys* name before,
Was quite o'r-borne by Fate, and could no more
Maintein a faction against *Cæsars* power;
Who now a sole unrivall'd conquerour,

From

From that subjected coasts hasts to be gone
To visite Rome, which now was his alone,
And there in fearfull triumphs to display
The wofull glories of black Munda's day.

Annotations upon the fourth Book.

(a) *How truly the manner of this battell is here expressed, or how far it may be lawfull for one writing by the way of a Poet to digresse, I leave it to the judgement of the Reader: and that you may briefly see it without the labour of searching books, thus the cruel battel of Munda by two Historians of credit is discribed (to omit others for brevity sake.)*

Dion Cassius l. 43. *thus: At the first conflict the auxiliaries on both sides fled away; but the Romans forces encountring fiercely continued the fight long, not regarding at all what became of their associats, every man thinking that the whole victory depended upon his hand: they gave no ground, nor left their stations, but killing, or dying, made good the place: there were no clamours nor military showts heard, nor hardly groans, only these speeches, strike, kill; Cæsar and* Pompey *both on horseback, from two hils beheld the battel, and knew not what they should resolve, but were equally distracted between fear & confidence. And afterwards thus: so long & fiercely with equal hopes both armies fought, that unless King* Bogud, *who lead with his forces without the battell, had turned about to surprise the Camp of* Pompey, *and* Labienus *had left the battell to prevent him, they had all without doubt died in the battell, or night had parted them upon equall terms.*

Florus *relates it thus: Doubtfull and sad was this battel, Fortune seeming to deliberate, and not resolving what to do: Cæsar himselfe was sad before the battell contrary to his custome, either considering the frailty of mankind, or suspecting the long continuance of his prosperity, or else fearing the*

the fate of Pompey, *being now grown to the height of* Pompey : *but in the battel it self (what ever before had been known to happen) while both the armies were in their height of fury, a ſuddain ſilence, as if by conſent, was throughout the field? and laſt of all (a thing not uſual in* Cæſar's *army,) the old ſouldiers began to give ground, and that they did not abſolutely flie, it ſeemed to bee ſhame, not valor that withheld them; Concerning the deſpair of* Cæſar *and this his action,* Appian *is my warrant, and* Florus *partly teſtifies as much.*

c Sextus Pompeius *did long lurk in Celtiberia, till after the death of* Iulius Cæſar, *he levyed forces, and ſurpriſed the Iſland of Sicily, he commanded the Seas in thoſe parts and ſaved many Roman that fled to him from the proſcription of the triumviri: he was at laſt vanquiſhed at Sea by* Marcus Agrippa *the cheife General for* Auguſtus Cæſar, *and ſlain in Aſia by the Souldiers of* Marcus Antonius *the Triumvir.*

THE

The seventh Book.

The Argument of the seventh Book.

What different passions 'mongst the people rise
At Cæsars new transcendent dignities:
He, to decline the envy of his reign,
Designes a war against the Parthian,
Cassius *consults with* Brutus *to set free*
The State again by Cæsars *Tragedy.*
The Lords conspire: unto the Capitoll
Cæsar *securely goes (though of his fall*
By fatall prodigies foretold in vain)
And entring there is by the Senate slain.

THat civill fury, that so long had torne
Romes state, and through so many regions born
Her bleeding wounds, it selfe had wasted now;
And long'd for peace did seem again to show
Her cheerfull face; the people hop'd for rest,
Since now unrival'd *Cæsar* was possest
Of all the honours, Rome could give, alone,
And the world knew no other power but one.
The o'r-joi'd people wisht it ever so:
(His power was grown above their envy now)
And to the gods they willingly forgive
The losse of that unsafe prerogative,
Their liberty, and gladly would adore
A safe and peacefull Scepter; for the more

His

His might in war their terrors did increaſe,
The more his vertues now ſecure their peace;
No better guardian, wiſh they to the State
Then mighty *Cæſar*, whoſe unconquer'd Fate
So long prevail'd 'gainſt all oppoſing powers,
And cruſh'd ſo many great competitours.
Nor do the poor Plebeians wiſh it ſo
Alone; theſe hopes the weari'd Senate too
(Except ſome few) do harbour with delight,
And gladly give conſent to *Cæſars* height:
They moſt of all deſire a calm, ſince moſt
The higheſt Cedars by rough ſtorms are toſt;
They wiſh the ſhadow of that treedome gone,
Whoſe ſubſtance long ago was overthrown.
For what ſince *Marius* times, ſince *Sullas* reign
Did they of ancient liberty retain,
But the bare name? For which ſo deare a price
They paid, and ſaw ſo many tragedies:
And therefore not alone from flattery,
But from true joy to *Cæſar* they decree
More height of honour, and more ſtate then can
Fit the condition of a private man,
Leſt he perchance might ſeem in his own eies,
Leſſe then a Monarch: to thoſe dignities,
Which after the defeat of *Scipio*
He had receiv'd, they add far greater now,
Divine and humane, that throughout all lands,
And all the Kingdomes which great Rome commands,
Not only ſacrifices ſhou'd be had
Of him, and offerings in all Temples made,
But Temples to himſelfe they do decree
To conſecrate as to a Deity:
But one more ſumptuous then the reſt, and high
Erected is to him and Clemency
Joyning their Deities, where hand to hand
Does *Cæſars* image with the goddeſſe ſtand:

And (as his Countries saviour) every where
His rich-wrought Statues oaken Garlands wear.
They stile him Consul for ten yeares to come,
Dictator ever, Father of his Rome;
And that in every cause, for ample state,
He, as Supreme, and Soveraign Magistrate
Should judgement give from a tribunall high
Of burnish'd gold, and polish'd Ivory.
That those chast maids, which keep the vestall flame,
And all Romes Priests should vow in *Cæsars* name,
And for his safety offer every year,
And he himselfe a Robe Triumphall weare
At publike sacrifice; that thanks should be
Giv'n to the gods for his each victory,
And the daies sacred. Who could e'r have thought
That day on which Pharsalia's field was fought,
Or that of Thapsus, or sad Munda's war
As holidaies should fill the Calendar?
And *Cato*, *Scipio*, *Pompey*'s tragick fals
Be kept with joy as Roman Festivals.
The moneth Quintilis, to his lasting fame,
(Which gave him birth) must bear great *Julius*'s name.
What more deserved honour could there be,
More fit, more gratefull to posterity,
For *Cæsar*'s future memory to weare,
Then mention in his own amended yeare?
That he, whose wisedome from confusion
Had freed th' accounts of time, and to the Sun
Had squar'd his yeare, from all those errors freed,
Which negligence insensibly did breed,
In that should live, while people every where
Throughout the world, observe the *Julian* yeare.
And more to heighten his transcendent State,
They make decree, that every Magistrate
Shall (when elected) swear not to withstand
What ever *Cæsars* Edicts shall command,

Making

Making his power so great, there's nothing now
But he himselfe, may on himselfe bestow.
What now should *Cæsar* feare? What ill successe
Can shake so strong a grounded happinesse?
Or what should Rome now in a State so blest
Suppose can rend her peace, or reave her rest?
Asks it a greater vertue to maintain
A seeled fortune, then at first to gain?
Or is it easier to the powers on high
To give, than to preserve prosperity?
Or would the gods else let proud mortals see
By this so fatall mutability,
Their frail estate, and find the distance so
Betwixt Celestiall powers, and powers below?
Cæsar to mould the State anew begins
With wholsome lawes, and by his mercy wins
(If mercy could such envy overcome)
The peoples hearts, calling from exile home
Those banish'd Lords that had against him fought,
To make all hatred, with the war, forgot;
And through the Empires wide circumference,
Extends his bounty and magnificence;
Carthage and Corinth he re-edifies,
And plants them both with Roman colonies,
And not detracting from th' old founders fames,
Gives them both beare their first renowned names.
But yet (suspecting what the sad event
Prov'd true) how hardly his new government
Will at the first be brook'd, till time allay
That Envies heat, that does as yet out-weigh
His lenity, and nothing more then rest
Assures the plots of discontented brests,
Cæsar resolves with speed to entertain
An honourable war, to wipe the stain
Of civill blood by forreign deeds away,
To fetch again from conquer'd Parthia

(Which yet secure did of Romes Trophees boast)
Those captive Eagles which slain *Crassus* lost.
His fixed thoughts on that high action set,
Unto a great and frequent Senate met
Thus *Cæsar* speaks; Fathers Conscript, had I
Meant to abuse my power in cruelty,
As *Cinna*, *Marius*, and dire *Sylla* did,
What closest visor could so long have hid
My nature from you, you had found ere this
Some fatall signes, but I that still did wish
Power, for no other end than to secure
The use of vertuous deeds, and put in ure
Not what my passions but true reason taught,
In all these wars have for the publike fought,
To make my selfe a guardian, not a Lord
Of Rome and you, and with a conquering sword
Keep out all tyrants, that might else intrude,
Working your safety, not your servitude.
What can this Senate, or the people feare
From *Cæsars* power, whose mercy every where,
So many pardon'd enemies have tri'd?
And, save in battell, none by me destroi'd:
Let those surviving witnesses relate,
How I in war have us'd my prosperous fate;
Let *Scipios* papers burn'd, unread by me
(After the field of Thapsus) testifie
How loth I was to find in Rome a foe:
And rather chose my dangers not to know,
But still to live in danger, then to be
Secur'd by slaughter and severity:
Nor, but enforc'd, witnesse the gods of Rome,
To this sad Civill war did *Cæsar* come,
And was compell'd (though loth to conquer more
To purchase that, which I deserv'd before,
For which, ten years successfully I fought
Against the Gauls, and all those regions brought

Under

Under the power of Rome, which lie between
The Pyrenæan hills, the German Rhine
And Brittish Seas, nor did the German Rhine,
And Brittish Seas my victory confine,
Which flew beyond them both, and crossing ore
Where never Roman Eagles pearch'd before)
Taught the Germans there our yoke to carry,
And made the painted Britanes tributary;
For which my triumphs envy did deny,
To win for Rome, was made a crime in me,
Had not my foes ungrateful injury
Turn'd back those conquering armes on Italy
They had, perchance, Fathers, by your command
Ere this subdu'd the farthest Eastern land.
Or name the Indians and tame Medes had known,
The Persian Susa, and proud Babylon
Had felt our strength, nor on the Parthian coast
So long had *Crassus* unrevenged Ghost
Complaining wander'd; that design for me
Rests now to act (so you the war decree.)
When first the spring dissolves the mountains snow
And Western winds upon the waters blow;
Then with his golden horns bright *Taurus* opes
The cheerful year shall these victorious troops
Advance against the Parthians, and there dye,
Or fetch those Eagles home with victory
Which *Cassius* lost; till then you need not fear
The insolency of the Souldier,
That their disorder'd silence here at home
May any way disturb the peace of Rome,
My care already has (besides the spoiles
Of forreign foes) rewarded all their toiles
With those great summes, which there so lately I
Perchance much envy'd) rais'd in Italy
To keep them still, and did not fear to buy
With mine own envy your security.

Then conscript Fathers, if your wisedome shall
Esteem of *Cæsar* as a General,
Fit to revenge the Roman infamy
'Gainst Parthia's pride, decree the war to me;
I am your Souldier still; nor ere has ought
But Romes renown by all my toiles been sought;
You shall perceive that *Cæsar's* Souldiers are
Not onely fortunate in Civill war.
Cæsar had ended; when the fathers all
To such a war, and such a general
Give glad consent, and with one voice decree
The Parthian war to *Cæsar's* auspicie.
But Fates deny what they so much desir'd;
The date of *Cæsar's* glory was expir'd,
And fortune weari'd with his Triumphs now
Revolts from him; more ruin and more woe
Was yet behind for wretched Rome to tast;
Nor can their quiet happiness out-last
The life of *Cæsar*, whose approching Fate
More Civil warre and wounds must expiate.
No vertue, bounty, grace, or clemency
Could long secure usurped Soveraignty;
For more that power to Citizens born free
Distastful was, than benefits could be
Sweet and delightsome; which soon hasten'd on
Th' untimely death of *Cæsar*; Nor alone
To this conspiracy did hatred draw
His ancient foes, as *Pontius*, *Aquila*,
Bucolianus, and *Cecilius*,
Ligarius pardon'd once, and *Rubrius*,
Servilius Galba, *Sextus Naso* too,
Spurius, with many of the faction moe;
But even 'mongst *Cæsar's* friends dire envy wrought,
And to his slaughter bold *Trebonius* brought
Casca and *Cimber*, and *Minutius*
His seeming friends; nor thee, Oh *Cassius*,

Could

Could *Cæsar's* favour, nor thy Pretorship
Of Rome obtain'd, from this dire murder keep.
Decimus Brutus too, so highly grac'd
And in so near a ranck of friendship plac'd
With *Cæsar*, to whose trust and governance
The wealthy province of Transalpine France
Cæsar had left, envying his Patrons power
Among the rest is turn'd conspiratour:
Nor seems the knot of this great faction yet,
To be of strength enough, unless they get
Young *Marcus Brutus* in, who then did sway
The Province of Cisalpine Gallia,
Colleague with *Cassius* (as Romes Pretors) the,
And high in *Cæsar's* grace: this brave young man
For his known vertues, and admired parts,
In all the peoples discontented hearts
Did seem most thought of, and mark'd out to be
The vindicator of lost liberty:
Nor did they hide it, but in libels wrote
On his Pretorian cell, expreſt their thought,
Taxing his courage as degenerate
From th' ancient *Brutus*, who first freed the State
Of Rome from Monarchy: as if the fame
Of such an act could suit no other name,
And he by fatal birth condemn'd to be
An actor now in *Cæsar's* tragedy.
Now had *Rammusian Nemesis* possest
In all her blackest forms, the vengeful breast
Of fiery *Cassius*, and did wholy sway
His eager thoughts, impatient of delay;
Who by nights silence, enters *Brutus's* house,
Him there he finds alone, and anxious,
Waiting his Countries Fate, and sadder far
Then when the fear of this great civil war
First seiz'd the peoples hearts, and frighted Rome
Was fill'd with fatal prodigies; to whom

Cassius begins; Oh why should *Brutus* spend
That precious time in thought, which he should lend
In active aid, to his sad countries need;
That would again by *Brutus* hand be free'd.
See what the peoples longing thoughts expect
That thou should'st work for them; mark the effect
Of what they write on thy Prætorian Cell:
There may'st thou read that (though contented well,)
They look'd no farther than for vain delights
(As Libyan huntings, and Circensian fights,)
From other Prætors, they expect from thee
A benefit, no less then liberty;
Can *Brutus* think that *Cæsar*, while he lives,
Will ere design so great a power, who strives
To make it more his own; and not content
With a Dictator's name and government,
An Office oft bestow'd, while Rome was free,
Aimes at more certain marks of Monarchy,
The Regal Crown and Scepter, thinking all
The Senate gives, cause they can give it, small,
Why were the tribunes else, for taking down
From *Cæsar's* Statue, late, a golden Crown,
Depos'd? Or why could he by law alledge
Against their persons sacred priviledge;
Did lewd *Antonius* put a Diadem
On *Cæsar's* head to be refus'd by him
In publick onely, and not there to trie
How we would all allow his Monarchie?
Besides a thousand more ambitious arts,
He daily finds to sound the peoples hearts.
His death the period of his pride must be,
And must with speed be wrought; for if, till he
Return triumphant from the Parthian war,
We should delay our vengeance, harder far,
And with more envy must it then be done,
When he more honour and more love has won.

To

To shake off *Cæsar*'s yoke this is the time,
Or make it not our own, but fortunes crime;
The Noble *Brutus* sigh'd; Oh *Cassius*
Heavens (quoth he) have not allotted us
A longer date of freedome, how can we
With feeble arms controule their high decree;
They, that in Affrick, Spain, and Thessalie
Condemn'd the cause of Roman libertie,
Will not protect it now; and better far
It should be lost in fair and open war,
From whence at first it sprung, and grew so high
Than to be sav'd by secret treacherie,
Such as the ancient Romans scorn'd to use
Gainst worst of foes. Noble *Fabritius*,
When conquering *Pyrrhus* threatened Rome, disdain
To free his countrey by a traitours hand,
Adventuring rather Romes sad overthrow
By open war; against a forrein foe
Were these respects observ'd alone by us;
What greater traitour than *Sertorius*,
And foe to Rome? yet he by treason slain
On base *Perpenna* stuck a lasting stain;
What hope was there that one so deep in bloud
As was that Butcher *Sylla*, ever would
Resign his reign to be a private man?
Yet who 'gainst *Sylla*'s life attempted then?
'T wixt whom and *Cæsar* was as great an odds
Almost, as 't wixt the Furies and the Gods.
As much as those then living Romans were
Too timorous, too base, and prone to bear
A Tyrants yoke, as much, for this, shall we
Be judged ingrate to *Cæsar*'s clemency;
And those old men will more acuse our crime,
That can remember *Sylla*'s bloudy time;
But I (of all accurst) that so much ow
To *Cæsar*'s favours, am condemned now

To

To

To be a subject, and from servitude
To free my self by foul ingratitude:
Oh what a torture my distracted breast
Suffers, 't wixt two such sad extremes oppress?
Oh why, when dire *Pharsalia*'s field was fought,
And I disguis'd in common armour sought
To reach his life before I was descry'd,
And sav'd by *Cæsar*, had not *Brutus* dy'd,
And free descended to the shades below?
Or if my aim had hit, one happie blow
Had rescu'd Rome from thrall without a stain
(Unless Great *Pompey* had usurp'd a raign)
And had not left our libertie to be
Thus poorly wrought by secret treacherie?
Oh, stay awhile our vengeance, *Cassius*,
See what the gods, and Fate will do for us,
Or what ere long our fatal enemies
The Parthians can do: *Cassius* replies,
Could *Brutus* then be pleas'd, the Parthian foe
Again should triumph in our overthrow?
To have, with publick loss and infamie
That wrought for us, which may with honour be
(And Rome yet safe) by our own hands atchiev'd.
In all thy reasons, yet, thou art deceiv'd,
Mistaking grounds of things, thou dost conclude
Impartial Justice foul ingratitude:
For if the deed be just, no benefit
Receiv'd, should hinder thee from acting it;
That were corruption, not true gratitude:
The greater favours *Cæsar* ere has shew'd
To thee, the more thy justice will appear
In that the publick good thou dost prefer:
'T would take much honour from a deed so high,
If *Cæsar* had been known thine enemie:
Nor could an act, wherein thy private hate
Had born a share, so much oblige this State:

To

To purchase honour, and our Countries good
Private respects of friendship or of blood
Must be forgot and banish'd: is that old
Brutus through succeeding times extoll'd,
By whose strict Justice his own son did dye,
That sought again to bring in Monarchy?
And art thou bound to suffer *Cæsars* reign?
What would old *Brutus* do, if here again?
Or unto thee can *Cæsars* favour seem
A greater bound than nature was to him?
Nor canst thou term it secret treachery,
If by our hands usurping *Cæsar* dye;
Since Fate of warlike power have us bereft,
And no means else to work our freedome left.
Should we awhile defer the action,
It cannot be, perchance, hereafter done
But with dishonour and base Treasons stain,
When we before have both approv'd his reign;
For in the Sibils books 'twas lately read,
The Parthians never can be vanquished
But by a King, which in the peoples ears
Is told already; and his flatterers
By them would have it publickly desir'd;
Our voices, *Brutus*, will be then requir'd;
Which we with greatest perill must deny,
Or else for ever lose our liberty.
When *Cassius* had with his persuasive art
Fully confirm'd young *Brutus* wavering heart
To this sad deed; a noise at door they hear;
Decimus Brutus now was enter'd there,
And all the rest of that conspiracy:
Where 'mongst themselves the fatall knot they tie,
By mutuall oaths, striving (alas) in vain
By *Cæsars* death that freedome to attain,
Which was for ever banish'd by the doom
Of Fate, and never to return to Rome,

To

Though

Though often sought; instead of freedome now,
More desolation, Tragedies and woe
After this slaughter must again ensue;
And all the people that dire action rue
Which they desir'd. Philippi's balefull day,
Perusia's siege, and fatall Mutina,
With Leuca's fleet shall make afflicted Rome
Truly lament o'r slaughter'd *Cæsars* Tomb.
The balefull Ides of March approaching nigh
Ordain'd by Fate for this great tragedy,
Th' Etrurians Augurs, who divine by sight
Of slain Beasts entrails, and the various flight
Of birds, in *Cæsars* danger were not dumb,
But boldly told what they foresaw to come.
The Ides of March *Spurinna* bids him feare:
Nor did the Earth, the Air, or Skies forbear
Presaging signs (if any signs could lend
Means to prevent, what destinies intend:)
Affrighting voices in the Air were heard;
The Sun himselfe in threatning forms appear'd,
Sometimes, as if he wept, his glorious head
With a blew Rainbow round invironed;
Sometimes quite dimm'd, as if he fled the sight
Of men, and meant to make eternall night.
The windy spirits through earths torn caverns break:
Floods change their courses; beasts 'gainst nature speak
The swelling Poe o'reflowes th' adjoining plain,
And to his channell suddenly again
Retiring back, thousands of monstrous Snakes
Which he brought forth, upon dry ground forsakes.
The sea that had o'rwhelm'd a part of land
By Tyber's mouth, retiring, on the sand
As many fish did in like sort forsake:
But nearer signs great *Cæsars* death foresake.
Those stately steeds, which, when the war begun,
He crossing o'r the stream of Rubicon,

Had

Had consecrated, and for ever freed
From future service of the war, to feed
At liberty along the Chrystall flood,
And quiet wander through the shady wood,
For many daies before their Lord was slain,
Did of themselves their pleasant food refrain;
Their mourning eies presaging sorrow shew'd,
And all the pasture fields with tears bedew'd.
The little regall Bird, the day before,
Flying along, a sprig of laurell bore
Within her mouth; whom straight a multitude
Of birds out of the wood pursu'd,
Till shee had enter'd *Pompeys* Court, and there
The Laurell'd Bird did all in pieces teare.
That night, that usher'd forth that fatall day,
Was come, and with her darknesse did display
Prodigious fears, bringing, instead of rest,
A sad disturbance to each wakefull breast:
Throughout the Palace where great *Cæsar* slept
His last, the arms of *Mars*, which there were kept,
Were heard to yield a horrid ratling sound,
Clashing together of themselves; and round
About the house, the doors flew ope at once:
The air of night was fill'd with dismall groans;
And people oft awaked with the howls
Of Wolves and fatall dogs: ill boding Owls,
Night-jars and Ravens, with wide stretched throats,
From yews, and holleys send their balefull notes;
The shrieches, wailings, and all cries were heard
Of every fatall and affrighting bird.
Shape-faining *Morpheus*, in the dead of night,
Sent from the King of rest, with speedy flight,
Entering the Palace to *Calphurnia*,
Who sleeping in her Lords embraces lay,
Presents his slaughter'd figure in such wise,
As unto all th' amazed peoples eies,

The

The next day's Sun must show; all stain'd with blood
Before the bed she dream'd her *Cæsar* stood,
His visage pal'd with death: that robe of State,
Which never foe before could violate,
All torn, through which his gaping wounds appear,
Calphurnia weeps, then shricks aloud for feare,
And stretching o'r the bed her loving-arms
T'embrace the flying shade; though free from harms
She find her Lord, who was awaked now,
Scarce dares she trust her waking senses so
As thee believes the vision; in her thought
So much that too prophetike dream had wrought.
Cæsar with kisses wipes away her tears,
And asks the cause of her so sudden fears;
She trembling yet, the fatall dream declares
Which had disturb'd her sleep (nor could the cares
That rose from thence, be banish'd) with the story,
Mixing fresh teares, and loving oratory,
Perswades her *Cæsar* to remember now
What the Augur's skill so lately did foreshow,
And what the fearn'd *Spurinna* had him feare
From th' Ides of *March*, which now (ill) present were;
She begs of him he would forbeare to goe
That morning to the Senate, and bestow
That one poor day, if not upon his own
Deare safety, yet upon her fears alone;
And grant to her as much, as to a wife
Was due, of interest in a husbands life.
That he those Spanish guards would entertain,
Which had so lately been dismiss'd, again;
That safe prevention of a danger neer
Was noble still, and could be stiled fear,
No more then scorning the gods threats could be
True fortitude or magnanimity.
Cæsar replies; Ah dear *Calphurnia*,
Dearer to me, than that life-breath I draw,

Would'st

Would'st thou forbear thy griefe, it could not lie
Within the power of any prodigy
To make this day a sad one: should I here
Begin to learn that superstitious fear
Of fatall daies and houres, what day to me
Could ere hereafter from such tears be free?
I only should my wretched life torment,
And not my destin'd time of death prevent,
But live for ever with vain fears diseas'd,
When ere Astrologers or Augurs pleas'd:
Every beasts entrails were a care to me,
And flight of every bird a malady.
If *Cæsars* danger grow from discontent
Of Rome, not one daies absence can prevent,
Nor scarce reprive my fate; and once to dye
Better than ever fear conspiracy:
What good can strongest guards on me confer,
But make me live perpetuall prisoner?
Why should I fear the peoples discontent,
Who now enjoy under my government
More wealth, more safety, and prosperity,
Then by my death they could? the death of me,
That have already reach'd the height of all
Glory and State that can to man befall,
And wrought my fartheſt ends, can never be
So much mine own as their calamity;
Who will again with Civill jars be rent,
And wish a safe and settled government:
Oh do not fear thy dream *Calphurnia*,
Nor sad presages from such trifles draw:
If dreams were fatall, Love, sleep were not rest;
Since most our cares would be by sleep increast;
But if they were presages, tell me then,
For our two dreams to night have different been,
Which should prevaile? Me thought I flew above
The lofty clouds, and touch'd the hand of *Jove*,

And

And to my selfe did seem more great and high
Then e'r before: what but felicity
Should this portend? I dare not now suspect
In calmest peace, those powers that did effect
My roughest wars; Oh let no sad surmise
With causelesse griefe distain *Calphurnias* eies.
Aurora now from *Tithons* purple bed
Arose, and th' Eastern skie discoloured,
Gave cheerfull notice of th' approaching Sun;
When forth, through Rome th' officious clients run,
The Palace all with early visitants
Was fill'd, to wait when *Cæsar* would advance
Forth to the Senate; striving to be seen
Neer th' earthly Sun, and in his rayes to shine:
Some to do grace, and grace receive from him,
Some, like malignant clouds prepar'd to dim,
Or in eclipse eternall bury quite
Before the set of *Phœbus*, *Cæsar's* light.
Among the rest did *Decimus* attend
With fained service, and the name of friend
To fatal ends abusing, hasten'd on
Perswaded *Cæsar* to destruction;
Though, ere they go, the Sacrifices all
Threatning and black appear'd, and did appall
The tearfull Priests, who from those entrails show
Portent of dire calamity and woe.
Some Buls they could not at the Altar stay,
Who breaking thence fled through the streets away;
In others, which were slain and open'd there,
None but th' infernall gods deign'd to appear:
The hearts were perish'd, and corruption flow'd
Through all the vitall parts, black was the blood.
The burning entrails yielded onely fume,
No flame at all, but darkly did consume,
Mouldring away to ashes, and with black
Unsavoury clouds through th' air a darknesse make.

But

But *Cæsar*, maugre what the entrails threat,
Undaunted passes on (how wondrous great
A destinie?) and as he goes, neglects
The Scroll presented to him, which detects
The whole conspiracie: which, as of small
Import, he pockets up not read at all,
And enters *Pompey's* bloudy Court, led on
By powerful Fate to his destruction:
Where Ominously receiv'd, he mounts his high
Dictator's Cell of Gold and Ivory;
The Lords obeisance make in humblest wise,
When Different passions in their breasts arise;
Even those bold hearts that vow'd his Tragedie,
Almost relent: the mans great Majestie,
That awfull fortune, that did still attend
His deeds, in all extremes a constant friend
Produce a fear t' encounter discontent:
Nor do their fancies onely him present
Invincible in open field, as when
He stood environ'd with his armed men:
But such as when alone he wrought his ends,
Aided by none but fortune, as his friends,
As when he escap'd th' Ægyptian treacherie,
When he appeas'd his Souldiers mutinie,
On when the stormie Seas he crossed ore
By night, and safely reach'd Brundusium's shore:
And why should not that friendly fortune now,
As then (think they) prevent his overthrow
And to their ruin quite defeat the plot.
But shame forbid them to relent; the knot
Among too many conscious breasts was ty'd
To let them start; and on the other side
Revenge encourag'd by the multitude
Of Actors, enter'd, and all fears subdu'd,
First to his Cell bold *Cimber* made approach,
And seiz'd his Purple robe; at whose rude touch

While *Cæsar's* wrath together with a maze
Began to rise, the rest from every place
Drawn neer, no longer hiding their intent
The fatal Ponyards to his breast present:
The first wound on him *Casca* did bestow,
Whose Ponyard *Cæsar* wresting to his foe,
Returns a stab back for the stab he gave,
Striving in vain with one poor strength to save
A life assaulted by so many hands;
No succours could approch, no guard, nor bands
Of aiding friends were nigh; that courage quite
Was lost, that neer was lost before in fight;
Untill enfeebled by a deeper wound,
And by invading death inviron'd round,
Hopeless he hides his face, and vexed stands
T' endure the furie of revenging hands,
Repressing groans or words, as loth to shame
His former life, or dying stain the fame
Of those great deeds through all the World expresst,
These silent thoughts revolving to his breast:
Yet has not fortune changed, nor given the power
Of *Cæsar's* head to any Conquerour;
By no Superiours proud command I die,
But by subjected Romes conspiracie;
Who to the World confesses by her fears,
My State and strength to be too great for hers,
And from earths highest Throne sends me to be
By after ages made a Deitie;
Through many wounds his life disseized, fled
At last; and he, who never vanquished
By open war, with bloud and slaughter strew'd
So many lands, with his own bloud embrew'd
The seat of wronged Justice, and fell down
A sacrifice to appease th' offended gown.

FINIS